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ISABELLA OF SPAIN . . . "IT WAS THE SACRIFICE OF HER JEWELS THAT FURNISHED THE MEANS THAT
ENABLED CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO DISCOVER AMERICA."

Navy Day

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

President General, N. S. D. A. R.

IN the archives of the museum of the United States Naval Academy is a rare collection of original letters of the Revolutionary and early Federal periods. One of these is of particular interest to all who have followed the early struggles, the progress, and the success of the United States Navy.

John Hancock, Chairman of the Marine Committee, writes from Baltimore on January 24th, 1777, to Robert Morris, a member of the Marine Committee, in Philadelphia:

SIR:

The Marine Committee, judging it of the utmost consequence, that the Frigate Virginia should be got to Sea as soon as possible, and finding it impracticable to procure here the necessary Articles for the ship, without which she cannot proceed to Sea, have determined to send to Philad'a for them; and have sent the Bearer, an officer of Captain Nicholson's, to expedite the Business. And I am now in the Name of the Marine Committee to request, you will immediately order such of the Articles as are mentioned in the enclosed memo. and can readily be got in Philad'a to be forwarded here without loss of Time, in such Manner as you shall judge best. The Bearer will afford every Aid in his Power.

I should think that it would be no Disservice in taking an Anchor & Cables from one of the Frigates in Philad'a as you can with more Ease replace them there, than we can procure them here; and all your Frigates are not in the Readiness the Virginia is, and indeed she waits only for these Articles. I submit it to you to conduct as you think most for the public Service, but with Respect to the Anchor, Cable, & Rigging, it is of the upmost Importance they should be sent. Two Carts put together would easily effect this, let the Expense be ever so great—but care should be taken to prevent the Cables from chaffing by matting the Turns, or putting Canvas round the Parts liable to rub against the Waggon. But I need not give you any Hints of this kind. I wish we may have as many of the Articles as can be got, and I know you will exert yourself to effect this Business.

I am, in Behalf of the
Marine Committee,
Sir,

Your most obed. &
very hble Servt.

John Hancock Chairman.

Robt. Morris Esq. Member of the Marine Committee.

This letter indicates the general unpreparedness of the Navy during the Revolution, and the necessity of getting to sea every vessel that could fight, even if equipage had to be taken off other ships which at the time were less ready for duty. It is interesting to note that the quickest method of transportation from Philadelphia to Baltimore was regarded as overland rather than by the easier sea route. Revealing the extent to which Robert Morris was actually the "Financier of the Revolution" is the fact that the appeal for immediate action was addressed to him.

May not the spirit of determination and resourcefulness engendered by those first struggles have entered into the character and upbuilding of the real American Navy?

It is entirely fitting that recognition of Navy Day be made in our Pan American number.

Though many causes may have contributed to the growth of unity among the American Republics, the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine was an important factor. That this doctrine, proclaimed by an infant state, should have had weight among the nations of the world is in large measure due to the respect won by the American Navy during the first thirty years.

Think of this, on Navy Day.



Song of S

CATHERINE

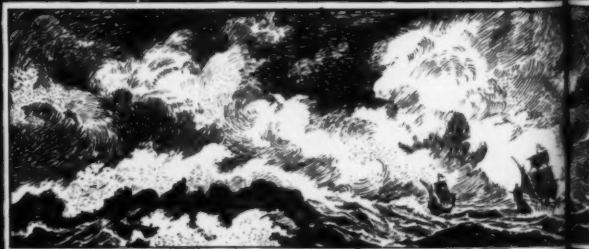


*Don't wander off or you will fall
Into the silvery sea,
Or the wind will sweep you—boots and all
Away, away from me.*

*For no one knows what dangers lie
Beyond the farther plain—
Daily a sun slips down from the sky
And never returns again.*

*Explore the room's dark corners,
Adventure in the grass,
But do not listen to the waves
Or any winds that pass.*

Note: The name of the mother of Solu



f Susanna

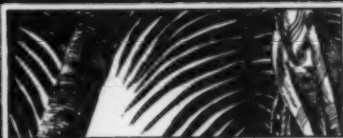
NE COBLENTZ

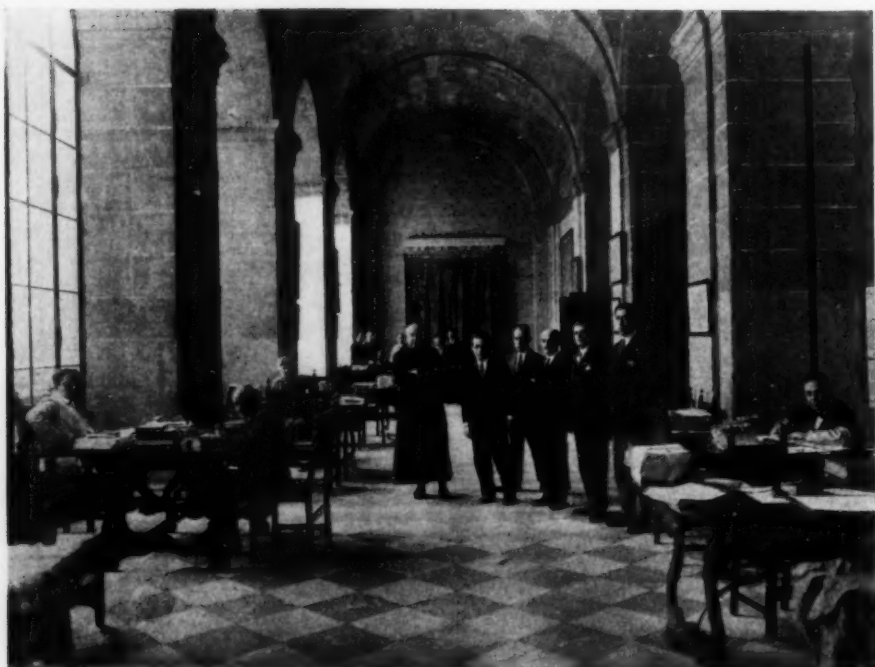
*And take no stock in sailors' tales,
They are mostly made of lies,
Oh, Christopher, small Christopher,
Pray do not look so wise.*

*Come, turn your eyes from the western sun,
Your eyes like the waters' deep,
My arms are a ship when the day is done
Where a tired lad should creep.*

*I beg you, heed my singing,
And never mind the sea,
Small center of my little world,
Stay, stay at home with me.*

other of Columbus was Susanna Fontanarossa





A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL SEARCH ROOM (SALA DE INVESTIGACIÓN), ARCHIVES OF THE INDIES. AMONG THOSE PICTURED ARE: MISS WRIGHT AT HER WORK TABLE; SR. D. JUAN SUSTO, NOW ARCHIVIST OF PANAMA; AND SR. D. CRISTÓBAL BERMUDEZ PLATA, CHIEF OF THE ARCHIVES OF THE INDIES, WITH HIS STAFF

The General Archives of the Indies at Seville, Spain

I. A. WRIGHT

I. A. Wright, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society (London, England), and of the Royal Historical Society of the Netherlands (Utrecht, Holland), spent twenty-five years at Seville engaged in historical research in the Archives of the Indies. She has published much on Dutch and English seamen in the Caribbean, especially through learned societies in England (The Hakluyt) and in Holland. From the Spanish government she received the encomienda, Royal Order of Alfonso XII, for her contribution to culture. Miss Wright is now a member of the staff of The National Archives, Washington

HOW many of us realize that every inch of these United States of America once belonged to Spain? That fact, which we too frequently overlook, might well be considered the foundation-stone of our kinship with those other republics which lie south of us. The earliest colonial history of all stands written in one selfsame book. It is

written in Spanish. Any student who investigates it must seek his sources in one country, Spain; and in one place, the General Archives of the Indies at Seville.

We North Americans are accustomed to think that our ancestors carved our country out of the wilderness, to which only the aborigine had a right that he was unable to

maintain. We forget that if discovery gives title, as indubitably it does in international law, then on October 12, 1492, when Columbus took possession for their Catholic Majesties of all that he had found, he brought under Spanish dominion all of the Americas, from pole to pole. Spain's title, so acquired, was recognized. When Portugal demanded a share in the New World, the Pope confirmed Spain's title within a definition which subtracted Brazil only from the uncharted remainder. The Bull of Partition (1493) was in effect divine sanction of Spain's western empire, embracing North, Central and South America, to which were eventually added all the islands of the Pacific, including among them Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines. Even Elizabeth of England admitted that her seamen were intruders in America; and her right to colonize there rested upon no other foundation than the might of the Tudor navy.

Further, we incline to forget how Spain strengthened her title by the earliest exploration, exploitation and christianization of our country. Spanish slavers first, whose names but not their expeditions remain unknown; then Spanish adventurers like Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto; a multitude of traders; and missionaries, penetrated north and westward from the Caribbean and from Mexico, until by 1775 from New Orleans and Mexico, Spanish officials administered a region (even then much shrunken) which had extended from mid-Virginia on the Atlantic seaboard to northern California, or beyond, along the Pacific coast. Spain's traders travelled, or had travelled, through all that vast territory; her soldiers held military outposts; her religious administered the Catholic sacraments to believers (red, white and black); and under her governors, residing at Saint Augustine, Pensacola, New Orleans and at points in Mexico, their subordinates exercised her colonial administration of the country.

In the course of that administration there accumulated a wealth of historical materials in archives which eventually found their way to Mexico, or were removed bodily from Louisiana and Florida by way of Cuba, to the city of Seville in Spain. In Seville these materials for the earliest

colonial history of our south, southwest and west now form part of the General Archives of the Indies. This is Spain's great storehouse of records originating in her administration of her Overseas Empire, from the date of its establishment in 1492 through its decline, as kingdom after kingdom declared itself independent and became a sovereign republic of Hispanic-America.

In view of the facts, it becomes interesting to define "Hispanic-America." We discover that the term must embrace a very large part of our own country. Not only are we "good neighbors" to all south of the Rio Grande; historically, we are kin.

None realizes that truth more fully than a student of our common colonial commencements who repairs to Seville to consult sources, and finds himself there an American among Americans—a North American seated with brother Americans from the Argentine, Chile, Peru, Colombia, Mexico and Panama—united in a common interest: the investigation of original documents preserved to posterity by that common mother country, to whom we have all shown ourselves ungrateful, "la madre España," Mother Spain.

These archives are housed in a very beautiful old building: La Lonja. La Lonja (The Exchange) was built about 1575 for the use of businessmen engaged especially in outfitting fleets for the Americas. They had been using the nearby Cathedral, particularly the steps before the Cathedral, as their "exchange." When the weather was inclement they went inside the Cathedral and the noise they made in the course of business disturbed worshippers at mass. The Lonja was planned by Herrera, the architect who built the Escorial, to accommodate them; but the businessmen of Seville had to be forced to occupy its handsome court and corridors.

Now these corridors are great galleries lined with handsome mahogany shelves on which rest, in bales, millions of documents which are the richest of source material for the political, military, religious and commercial history of the Americas, so long administered under the monopoly the Spanish crown conferred upon the city of Seville and exercised through the Seville House of Trade.

The student who presents himself to the director of the Archives of the Indies is assigned a place at the study-tables in the large, light search room. The director and his assistants explain to him the antiquated manuscript "guides," which are all the index there is to the papers the student has come to see. He may feel discouraged when he finds how inadequate these "guides" are; but soon learns that the archives are marvellously well organized and that once he comprehends that organization he will find his way about very happily indeed. Then also he will come to realize that his reward for "searching" is to find, and to find abundantly, more riches than he could possibly anticipate.

When they have so explained the "guides," and told the newcomer of any other investigator present whom they think might know anything of the topic he has in hand, the director and his assistants withdraw. Only the courteous messenger he must call upon to bring them to his table from the shelves, stands between the student and the documents he desires to see. When at his request, written into a printed call slip, the messenger has brought the documents to his table, the student finds himself face to face with source material. It will be so supplied to him, day after day, in whatever quantity he can assimilate. Literally, bale after bale, each bale containing anywhere from three to a thousand papers. Papers of various sizes, kinds and colors; all neatly written; almost all in good condition. By bales, these documents are roughly sorted as to character and date. The label on each package will tell the student what to expect of its contents; but there is no assurance that his anticipations will not be exceeded, or left half fulfilled. Little enough assistance, be it observed; and less hindrance, from official custodians. Indeed, the Archives of the Indies is the research worker's paradise, but to enjoy it he must be just that: a searcher and a worker. It is not the duty of the Archives staff to search for him, perhaps to hinder his work by an attempt to help.

In those bales, when he opens them up, the student finds despatches of viceroys and governors; of military and fiscal officers;

of priests and provincials; of individual colonists. They were written to the king of Spain in his councils, and enclosed, attached or available elsewhere in the Archives, is the record of the action taken on the despatches, or of the sometimes tragic lack of action following. Here, for instance, are the letters of Pedro Menendez, telling how he marched on the French through a storm at night, and stating (for interested perusal centuries later) on precisely what terms Ribaut surrendered. Here we have the menu of the luncheon Pieter Stuyvesant served the Spanish spy who visited him at Curaçao: that document stands out like a Dutch master-painter's portrait of the governor of New Amsterdam in his younger days, before (in another document) he lost a leg in an unsuccessful attack on San Martin. Or, labelled "Luisiana, Cartas de Gobernadores," 1777, -8 and -9, the student may pore over the despatches of Bernardo de Galvez, in an effort to determine whether or not the independence of the United States was at his order actually recognized in New Orleans, by beat of drum, as the English in Florida complained, at a time when such recognition was very far indeed from his sovereign's intention. Here, too, one may read holograph letters written by Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry; and curious accounts of the activities of Lewis and Clark, unwelcomed and suspected trespassers on Spanish domain.

In fine, there is to be seen at Seville a side of the medal, that is, an aspect of our earliest colonial history, which we have been prone to ignore. While they worked to build these United States—mastering the wilderness, forcing the aborigine into reservations—our ancestors, even our immediate forebears, were ruthlessly driving the Spaniard out of great areas, to which the only flaw in his title of possession was his inability to resist. On them he left, nevertheless, his mark in place-names, in remains of forts, government houses and missions, in his language (dominant yet in the southwest) and in his religion. These are not only a precious part of our historical heritage; they are also a living bond in the union of Pan America.



THE SAN JUAN HARBOR AND EL MORRO FORTRESS BY MOONLIGHT

The Story of the "Rich Port"

ELIZABETH MOORE HUNDLEY

In this illuminating article, Mrs. Hundley, who has lived several years in Puerto Rico, gives us an outline of its history and a bird's-eye view of its beauties

IT is not my desire to start anew a controversy that has slumbered so many years, yet, after living for more than two years in an original Spanish country, I am forced to depart from my early schooling and to accept the well established fact that Puerto Rico was as near as Christopher Columbus ever came to the United States and that he did not arrive on that island until November 19, 1493.

For three centuries two cities of the Western Coast of Puerto Rico, Aguada and Aguadilla, lived in contention as to which place Christopher Columbus landed. The excitement and feeling of the people ran so high it finally became necessary for

historians to settle the question once for all.

After searching all available records, there was recourse to the diary of Columbus. This official document states that Columbus landed at the mouth of the small stream which enters Mona Passage at Aguada. His real purpose of landing there was to fill his water casks from the river; he, however, claimed the island for the Spanish Empire, naming it in honor of the Crown Prince, "San Juan Bautista."

Though this was the second voyage of Columbus, it was his first and only landing in Puerto Rico; in fact, he died with-

out knowing just what he had discovered. He had been intrigued with the idea of finding Japan, with its gold and red top houses, so did not tarry long when he realized he had not reached the object of his search. The reception of the aborigines may also have had something to do with his hasty departure.

He found two tribes of Indians there, the Borinquins and the Caribs. The Borinquins are supposed to have come from Venezuela and nearby places; they had lived there alone so long, that they were inclined to be peaceful, and were partially civilized. They called the island, Borinquin, meaning, "The Land of Brave Men." The Carib Indians came from South America, and were of a war like, savage nature. They were of splendid physique, very proud, and felt that they were superior to all other peoples, though it was generally believed that they were cannibals.

There was no effort made to colonize Puerto Rico until about the year before the death of Columbus, when the King of Spain sent a certain Captain Vincente Yanz Pinzon there for that purpose. Captain Pinzon met with so many misfortunes that he abandoned the mission in its early stages.

In August, 1508, the Governor of Hispanola sent Juan Ponce de Leon at the head of a colonizing expedition. Ponce de Leon had been with Columbus when the island was discovered, and decided that he would this time land on the Eastern shore, which he did and named the island "Puerto Rico," meaning "Rich Port," not rich because of gold found in the soil—for there was none of that—but because the Spanish treasure ships from Mexico made it a Port of Call, and literally scores of them were captured by pirates, or by British and French privateers, within a few hours after they had sailed from Puerto Rico for Spain.

The first Spanish settlement under Ponce de Leon was at Caparra, across the harbor from the present site of San Juan. Under his Governorship the Spanish colonies had spread rapidly; but he was greatly grieved, when it was considered best to move his fort from Caparra to the

present site of San Juan. The King of Spain approved the removal, so the capital was established there in 1521. As an expression of love and high esteem for what Ponce de Leon had done for Puerto Rico and civilization, the royal authorities of Spain ordered built for him a spacious fortress residence. The construction was begun in 1521, and was first known as La Fuerza, now Casa Blanca. It was the first stone building on the island, and is the oldest residence today in the Western Hemisphere, being continually occupied as a home.

The large rooms, high ceilings, immense windows, tile and marble floors, numerous porches, narrow outside stone and brick stairways leading to the magnificent terraced gardens below, and the surrounding high stone walls, at once give one the impression of an ancient castle. The broad beams supporting the ceiling in the drawing-room are of the rare and very hard Asuba wood.

Though this palatial fortress was built for Ponce de Leon, he did not occupy it. Failing in health and not desiring to give up his home at Caparra, he sailed away in displeasure, to discover the "Fountain of Youth" in Florida. He was wounded while on this expedition by an Indian arrow—presumably a poisoned one; he did not recover from the effects of this wound, and died not long after in Cuba.

One of Ponce de Leon's daughters married Garcia Troche, and the honor of living in Casa Blanca fell to them. The four centuries that this grand old place has been in use has added honor and glory to its appearance. Since 1918 Casa Blanca has been the quarters of the commanding officer of the United States troops in Puerto Rico. It has been cherished and most carefully preserved by each of its occupants in turn.

The gardens are filled with flowers, tropical palms, shrubs, and trees of many varieties. These gardens are wholly the work of American women. The wife of each commanding officer who has occupied Casa Blanca seems intuitively to have taken stock of what was needed, and to have added more glory and beauty to the place. The present occupants are



A TYPICAL SCENE IN PUERTO RICO, SHOWING THE ROYAL PALMS, BANANA AND COFFEE PLANTS

Colonel and Mrs. John W. Wright. Mrs. Wright is now making an elaborate addition, and hopes before leaving to have not only the many kinds of native orchids, but those from other countries, trailing from picturesque places, making a veritable fairyland.

Mrs. C. E. Horne, whose opinion and knowledge of the trees and birds of Puerto Rico is nationally known, says there are

about ninety-five varieties of orchids on the island. During the life of Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Horne studied the growth of the island with them, and painted a picture of each specimen and the birds. Casa Blanca is only one of the numerous old buildings in San Juan. We should not forget that while the British were founding Jamestown in 1607, San Juan was preparing for her centennial.

La Fortaleza, the present mansion of our Governor of the island, was built in 1529; this was ordered for a fortress, but before it was completed the Spanish decided the location was not good for that purpose, so it was used as the headquarters of the military government. The building is of Moorish architecture and is surrounded, inside and out, with Spanish lore. The old Court House, a splendid replica of Spanish architecture, is still in use. Some oil paintings of Spain's oldest artists are hanging on the walls.

Probably there was never a Spanish possession without its El Morro. The El Morro at San Juan is perhaps the finest old fortress in the country today; the building was begun in 1539 and completed the last days of the 18th century. It cost Spain twenty million dollars to build it; these millions came from the gold discovered in Mexico and Peru by Cortez. The United States Army is now using El Morro for quarters for the enlisted men. On the grounds surrounding the fort are the homes of the officers. The only shot fired in America or her possessions during the World War was fired from an old gun on top of El Morro. A German ship anchored near this fort, apparently forgetting that we were at war with their country, so pulled out for home. Orders were given and the gun was fired—the ship returned faster than it had put out, believing that it had been fired upon by one of America's disappearing guns. As a matter of fact the gun was twenty years old, and fell to pieces after discharging the warning shot!

Soon after building El Morro the Spaniards built a second fort called San Cristobal; this too is now being used for quarters for the enlisted men of the United States Army. A little later a third fort, San Geronimo, was constructed; then there were walls and moat around the city with only one gate of entrance—which still stands.

Theodore Roosevelt leased the third fort, San Geronimo, to a private citizen for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The Army has received very little money for keeping up Casa Blanca and these two old forts, and while they are in need of repair, they are in better condition than most of the old Spanish buildings, because the Army and the

native soldiers are so deeply interested in seeing that these places are preserved.*

Every one in Puerto Rico was greatly rejoiced a few months ago to have the Insular Department begin the restoration of the old church at San German. This church was built during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and was called "Porta Coeli", or the "Gate of Heaven."

Since America has come into possession of Puerto Rico, there is a decided difference in the appearance of old and new San Juan. The streets of old San Juan are paved with cobblestones brought from Europe many hundred years ago—as ballast for ships. These streets are just made wide enough for two vehicles to pass; in fact, in this day of automobiles, they have been made one-way streets.

The two- or three-story buildings, constructed right on the sidewalk, look like skyscrapers in comparison to the narrow passageways. These buildings are made of the old type of soft brick and mortar, so soft that in order to make the walls stand they were made three or four feet thick. Some of the floors in these buildings are made of imported marble, and some of brick made by Indians and laid in their intricate designs. The balconies, too, with their iron lace work add an ancient look of beauty.

Within a few minutes ride of San Juan a glass-bottom boat may be secured and a pilot will take visitors to see the Submarine Gardens. These gardens are filled with brain corals in all shades and shapes. Some of them are piled so high they are reminiscent of the homes of the Cliff Dwellers, with any number of windows and doors around which trail all the various colors of green sea moss. And from these openings the red, blue, and all colored tropical fish sail gracefully in and out, wearing their gorgeous sequent coats, shimmering in the rays of the sunlight that penetrated the water. Here and there the ugly creatures of the ocean come and go in vast numbers and varieties.

The temperature of eighty degrees varies little all over the island the year round. Such weather is naturally an encouragement to nature—the beauty is almost in-

*Since this article was written restoration has begun under the direction of the Works Progress Administration.



INTERIOR OF THE "PORTA COELI" CHURCH AT SAN GERMAN, SHOWING THE GLASS CHANDELIERS GIVEN IT BY QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN

describable. A drive through the mountains to Luquillo takes the visitor through the land of sugar cane, coffee, orchards of citrous fruit, coconut and banana palms, and under vistas of many tropical trees, such as the royal palms, and the fiery red flamboyant.

Luquillo is now a national park, with more than three hundred varieties of trees—some found in Puerto Rico only. There are many rare wild flowers, ferns and orchids. The smallest orchid in the world is found there, the blossom being about the size of a pin head. In the midst of this dense and huge amount of foliage clinging to the trunks of trees in great numbers is the very rare guzmania plant. It has a brilliant red blossom that fairly lights up the forest.

On top of the mountain, at almost any

time of the year, a log fire is comfortable at night, and you sleep under several blankets, lulled to rest by the crystal water that flows over the mountain.

From Luquillo you take the old military road leading to the ocean. When this ancient road was built it was considered so dangerous that only one bus line had the courage to operate over it, and that was called "In God We Trust", and the buses marked accordingly. As you go down and around this scenic road you find the beauty of it breathtaking, no less than the curves. For miles you glimpse the blue of the sea, appearing from time to time between the mountains and over the deep foliage of the flowering trees.

When I made this trip my first stop was at Ponce, famous for its food. Delicious

lobster was served to me and my friends in a most artistic patio covered with tropical flowering vines.

At a short run from Ponce is Coamo Springs, a famous old health resort where steaming hot sulphur water constantly pours from the ground. If a sightseer is looking for a laugh, he should be sure to see the huge "honeymoon" bath tubs there. I would not attempt even in this land of antiquity to guess their age!

Close by Ponce and Coamo is Utuado, "The Indian town." It is surrounded by caves in the hills that tower above it. These caves, still unexplored, are said to be full of Indian relics. Some of my most treasured souvenirs were found in the earth near Utuado. I call them "pot handles." The Indians made earthenware from clay and sand for cooking vessels, and on each of these they put two handles. These handles were made in the image of heads, birds, Indians, monkeys, and I have one of a hunchback, which is supposed to bring luck.

Mayaguez, where about ninety percent of our needle work is made, is as clean as old San Juan is dirty. A very damaging earthquake took place about twenty years ago, and the town had to be rebuilt, but there are many objects of interest there. It is a delightful place to live, inhabited by charming people. Mayaguez is said to be the largest port on the west coast, and it is at the edge of Mona Passage.

Little has been written about Mona Island; it is cut off from Puerto Rico by Mona Passage, the same rough channel that separates Puerto Rico from Santo Domingo and Haiti. Mona Island is infested with mosquitoes and almost entirely unin-

habited. It is said to be an unusually good place for fishing and with that recommendation, and the fact that several of our alphabetical organizations are planting trees and beautifying the island in other ways, makes one feel that there is a real future to it. Mona Island is said to be the place where the pirates buried their "loot" during the days of Ponce de Leon. It is not, however, the "Treasure Island" of Robert Louis Stevenson fame, as has been claimed.

When the United States took over the islands, their largest crop was coffee, rice came next, and rice lands were worth only about fifty dollars an acre. Now those same lands are being used to grow sugar cane, and are worth four or five hundred dollars an acre.

With the State's machinery, the sugar crops have become by far the most productive and sustaining crops of Puerto Rico.

To quote a well-informed American, one who has lived about thirty years on the Island, "Should there be another great war, whether the United States becomes involved or not, the sugar of Puerto Rico would be needed by the United States." He further says, "The geographical position of Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands gives these islands a special strategic importance in relation to the Panama Canal and European ocean traffic through the Canal."

Remember Puerto Rico is only 1399 miles from New York in almost a direct line across the Atlantic Ocean, and it is just 963 miles east of Key West. So, strategically, no less than scenically, it has indeed tremendous significance for us—a significance which no well-informed American can afford to overlook.



The Island

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

*Columbus' little galleons touch this shore
As often as the sun breaks with the dawn,
And surely, surely, here forevermore
The fountain leaps for youth and for Leon.*



Puertorican Glimpses

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ



Older Sister

(Seen in San Jose Church, San Juan)

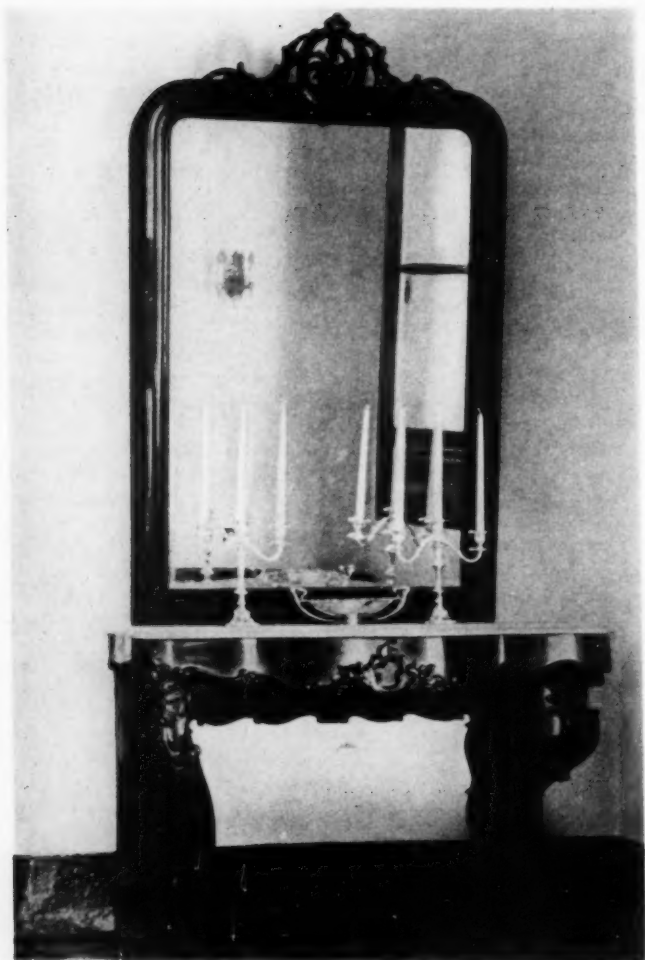
*Neither Cathedral's age nor charm
Kept you from squirming none the less
As by the sacred font she paused
And scrubbed your face in holiness.*



After Five Centuries

*They flew above the Spanish fort—
Bright planes in echelon,
Where time had lingered on the moat
With lizards in the sun.
The surf still sang its ancient song,
A little sail stood still
But men climbed skyward, one by one,
Above that Spanish hill.*





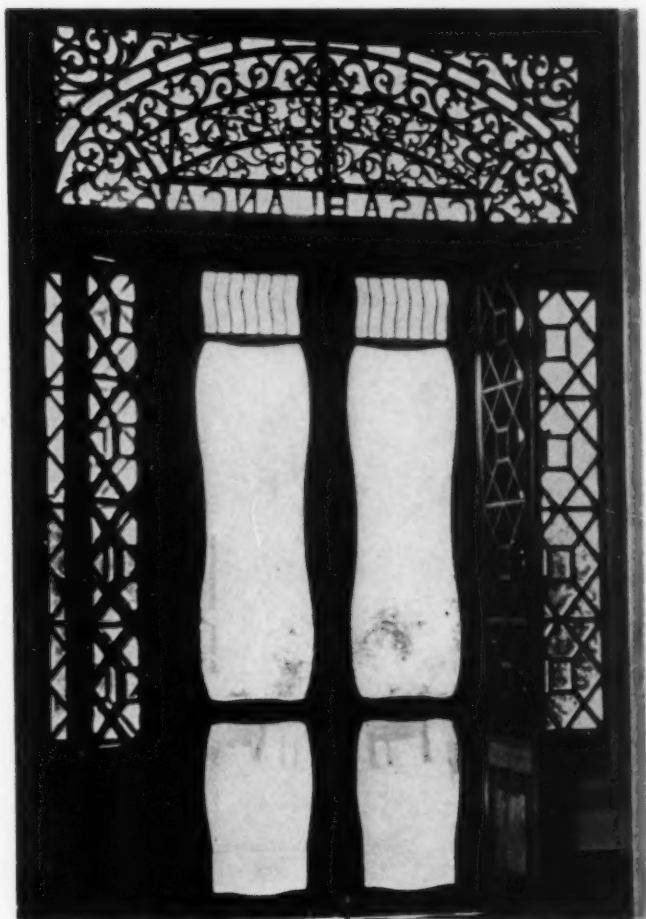
ONE OF THE HUGE MAHOGANY-FRAMED MIRRORS AND MARBLE-TOPPED
CONSOLE TABLES WHICH ARE FEATURES OF CASA BLANCA

Romantic Casa Blanca

HARRIET WAGNER

Like Mrs. Hundley, Miss Wagner has lived in Puerto Rico for some years. Her detailed description of Casa Blanca, the oldest house on the Western hemisphere which has been continuously used as a residence, makes a delightful complement to the briefer account of it which appears in Mrs. Hundley's general article

WHEN Ponce de Leon entered San Juan harbor for the first time on his sailing vessel and looked up at the hill on which his descendants were to live, he cried "*Ay, que puerto rico!*" Although the island's name has been changed several times,



THE DOORWAY LEADING TO THE INTERIOR OF CASA BLANCA. THE NAME OF THE OLD HOME IS VISIBLE ON THE IRON GRILL-WORK OVER THE DOOR

Puerto Rico seems the most fitting. For the phrase means abundant, luxurious, beautiful port.

As first governor of the island, Ponce de Leon had the right to a house. This was built for him by the Spanish crown at Caparra, across the bay from the present capital. The land was low and damp, however, and most of the settlers moved from their leader to the higher ground where San Juan stands today. Accordingly, Charles V, feeling that the governor of the people should live among them, gave orders for the purchase of a piece of land on which

a new and permanent government home was to be constructed, on a hill commanding a view of the harbor, and fortified against attacks from both pirates and Indians.

The adventurer, Ponce de Leon, however, had other plans for himself at this time. Word had been received that Cortez had discovered Mexico, a land said to be fabulously rich. Moreover, tales reached Puerto Rico of a fountain of youth whose waters had magical power. Ponce de Leon resolved to arm a sailing vessel and set forth. It was on this trip that he discov-



THE OLD WALL AND BREADFRUIT TREE AT CASA BLANCA

ered Florida. On his way back from there he sickened and died. It was his widow and daughter who were to be the first occupants of La Fuerza, now called Casa Blanca, when it was built in 1525.

Today as one approaches the grounds of the old estate by walking along the narrow, sunlit street of San Sebastian, he sees before him an imposing wrought-iron gate which is guarded, not by a Spanish sentry, but by an American soldier. For since 1898 when the island was ceded to the United States at the end of the Spanish-

American War, Casa Blanca has been the home of the commanding officer of the troops in Puerto Rico.

In the days when the daughter and grandson of Ponce de Leon lived in the house it was a structure of one story—a sort of square turret that was twenty-four feet on each side. In it, because it likewise served as a fortress, were the coat of arms of the crown of Spain, guarded by four men paid by royal funds.

From the windows looking toward the harbor the family could see the waters of



THE SUNKEN PATIO, GIVING A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN AT CASA BLANCA

the bay—blue at the foot of the hill. Nervously they watched for the sailing boats to return from trips of exploration. Early one morning one of the daughters, whose husband was long overdue on a voyage, rose to pray for his safe return. As she went onto the balcony to gaze through palm fronds at the harbor, she saw a long box floating on the water. Fearfully, she sent one of her Indian servants down to get it. Upon opening it she found an old piece of sculpture which is now known as El Cristo de Ponce. It is a figure of the Christ upon

a cross, probably shipwrecked on its way to a church in Mexico or South America. The young woman took this to mean that her husband was safe. And so it proved to be, for he returned the next day.

Standing on a balcony of Casa Blanca today, one looks down upon the same scene. On a beautiful bay he can see either a four-masted schooner or a transatlantic liner. Between the house and the water lie the gardens which have been beautified for so many years that they are a perfect example of tropical vegetation. An enormous

rubber tree dominates the scene. Near it is a traveler's palm, a flame tree, and the heavily laden breadfruit. Coconut palms whisper in the wind. Bamboos sigh. Along the sunken paths one passes plantain and banana plants, feathery maiden-hair ferns, cactus rising like sentinels, and a lotus pool full of white water lilies. Red hibiscus and poinsettias, yellow jasmine, and purple bougainvillea bank the white walls of the house. Harmless lizards stroll through the grass looking for insects. In the evening nightingales sing.

Since the old house was built in the early sixteenth century it has been remodeled many times, but always using the original base. Once a fire nearly destroyed it—when the Dutch attacked Puerto Rico in 1625. Later it was severely damaged by an earthquake. Indians shot arrows into it. In 1779, the estate was purchased from the de Leon family to whom the government had given it as a gift, and for a number of years the home was used as barracks for the royal artillery and military engineers of Spain. In 1826 it was reconstructed along the present lines and was designated for offices and workshops of the Spanish army.

It is a comfortable home, not excessively large or magnificent, but homely and distinctive. One feels its age as he sits below the huge mahogany mirrors measuring eight and a half feet in length and four in width. They hang impressively above marble-topped consoles which likewise date back three or four hundred years. The slanting light from the slats of shutters falls on antique brass candle-sticks and a bowl of lush, tropic lilies.

As one mingles with other guests at a reception at Casa Blanca, he wonders what sort of parties were given there years ago. Were they, after all, so very different? At that time one saw Spanish soldiers instead of American men in uniform. The ancient women wore high combs and lace mantillas as they arrived. Evening wraps with hoods, in vogue at present were perhaps influenced by that other style. Taking both groups as a whole, one would find striking similarities between them.

Recently, in speaking with an old Spanish soldier, Colonel Cole (then commander of

the American regiment in Puerto Rico) inquired whether or not Senor Casanova knew of secret passageways below the house. The Spaniard smiled and casually remarked that it had been his duty to seal up an underground room when the Americans came in 1898. With his host, he marked off a square on the tiles of an unoccupied room in the mansion, and together they lifted off the baked clay from sand and dirt which had been placed there as a subterfuge. Servants, under their guidance, began to dig—curious as to what they might find. Cutting away the wood which lay beneath the dirt, the men discovered a small, dark, underground room. A ladder was put down, an electric light attached to a long cord, and the adventurers lowered themselves to investigate. But instead of finding only one chamber, they observed the entrance to a tunnel which had been boarded up with wood and cement. Where the tunnel led, when it was built, or why, no one yet knows. Conjecture believes that it dates from the time when the house was first occupied and that it was used either as a secret means of escape in time of siege, or as a way to reach a spring near the harbor if the house were cut off by foes from the city's water supply.

Casa Blanca has lived through a changing period of history, and this adds a glamor and mystery to its beauty. It saw the attack of the Carib Indians in 1529. It lived under English rule for one hundred and fifty days when the pirate Drake captured the city of San Juan. It suffered at the bombardment of the Dutch in 1625, and finally yielded to the Americans in 1898. At the time when the Pilgrims were settling New England, Casa Blanca was already a century old. One cannot tell whether it is age, historical background, or the beauty of its natural surroundings which make it so unusual a home. More likely it is a combination of the three, and the fact that it is the oldest continuously inhabited house in the two Americas.



The photographs in the pictorial section which follows were all taken by John Parkinson Keyes during the course of a recent trip through South America.



THE TIP END OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONTINENT, WHERE "THE EXTREMITY OF THE MAINLAND
NARROWS TO A STEEP SNOWY POINT ABOVE THE TURBULENT WATER OF THE STRAITS"



THE FALLS OF IGUAZU, HIGHER AND WIDER THAN NIAGARA, DROP IN A FEARLY TORRENT OF GREAT
CASCADES, THEIR BASE HIDDEN IN MASSES OF VERDURE, THEIR SUMMIT SEEMING TO TOUCH THE HEAVENS



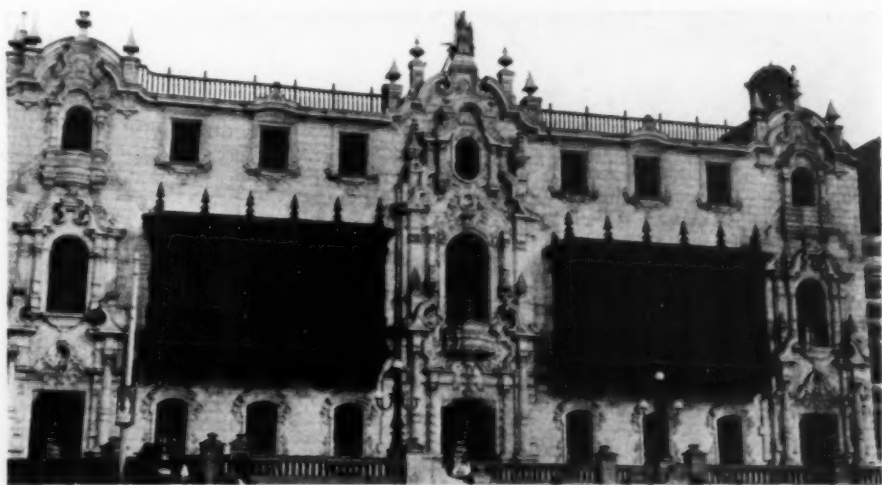
BEFORE THE EXQUISITELY CARVED FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL IN LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, THE INDIAN WOMEN SPREAD THEIR VARIED WARES



THE CATHEDRAL AT AREQUIPA, PERU, AN EDIFICE OF NOBLE AND STRIKING PROPORTIONS; FROM IT RISE AT EITHER END AND AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE BODY OF THE BUILDING, BEAUTIFUL COLUMNED ARCHES



ONE OF THE MANY LOVELY COLONIAL DOORWAYS IN AREQUIPA, PERU



THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AT LIMA, PERU. NOWHERE ELSE IN THE CITY DO THOSE SHUTTERED, RECTANGULAR BALCONIES OF DARK CARVED WOOD, SO TYPICALLY LIMENIAN, DISCLOSE SUCH DELICATE CRAFTSMANSHIP



MARKET DAY IN MACBACHA, ECUADOR. THE NATIVES ARE GENERALLY ATTIRED IN BRIGHT PONCHOS WHICH ARE VERY COLORFUL AND EFFECTIVE



THE FALKLAND PENGUINS LOOK STRANGELY HUMAN, AS IF THEY HAD JUST DRESSED FOR DINNER; SELF-IMPORTANT, PROUD, POMPOUS—PARVENU BIRDS WHO HAVE STUDIED THE FASHIONS BEFORE THEY HAVE STUDIED VOICE CULTURE, FOR THEY GARGLE AND SCREAM



A TYPICAL "GAUCHO"—THE DASHING HORSEMAN OF THE SILVER STIRRUPS AND SPURS AND KNIFE IS A ROMANTIC FIGURE WHO IS FAST DISAPPEARING



THE GAUCHO MAY STILL BE SEEN IN THE FLESH AT THE TABLADA, THE OPEN-AIR MARKET BEYOND THE CITY LIMITS OF MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, WHERE CATTLE AND SHEEP ARE SOLD TO THE BUYERS FOR THE GREAT "FRIGORIFICAS"



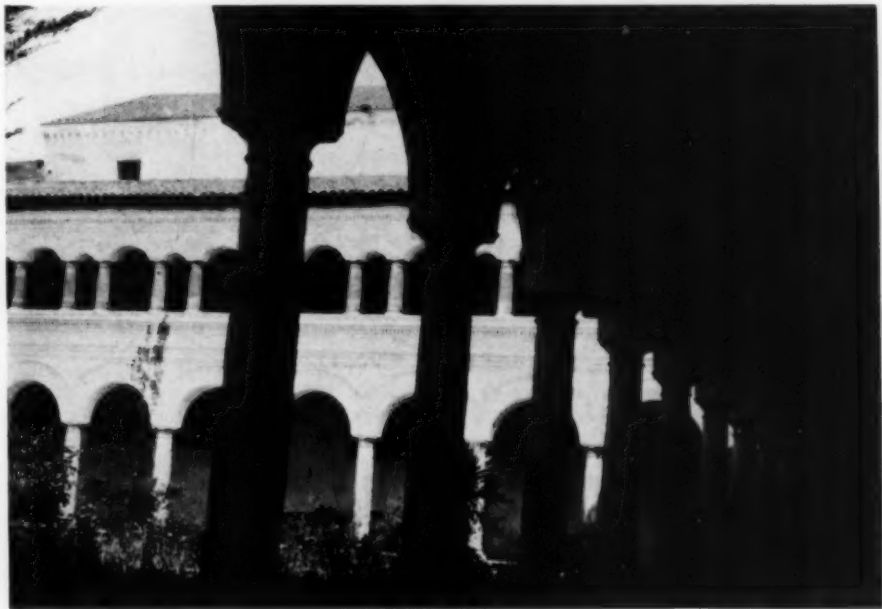
AN URUGUAYAN PLANTER'S "ESTANCIA"—A GREAT ESTATE WITH AVENUES OF STATELY TREES, A WIDE RAMBLING WHITE HOUSE WITH BRIGHT CAGED BIRDS SINGING ON THE VERANDAS



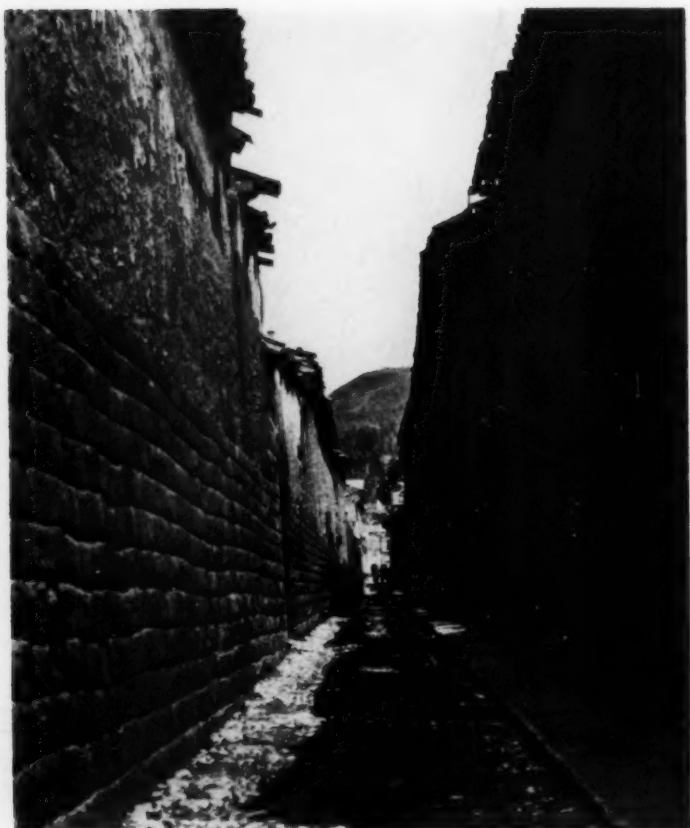
AN ECUADOREAN GARDEN AT TAMPILLO ALTO, WHERE LITTLE PLACID STREAMS, SURMOUNTED BY RUSTIC BRIDGES, WIDEN GRADUALLY INTO QUIET POOLS



GLORIA HILL, RIO DE JANEIRO, SO NAMED FOR THE CHURCH OF GLORIA WHICH WAS ONE OF THE FIRST BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED ON THE SITE



THE CLOISTERS OF SAN AGUSTIN, IN QUITO. IN THE CLOISTERS APPEARS THE FIRST USE IN AMERICA OF INTERCOLUMNATION, WITH ARCHES DIFFERING IN HEIGHT AFTER THE ARABIC FASHION



ANCIENT INCA WALLS, CUZCO, PERU

Photo by J. P. Keyes

“The Glory that was Cuzco; the Grandeur that was Spain”

JOHN PARKINSON KEYES

THERE are many names which come to us from the luminous darkness of fugitive centuries, magical names like the distant crashing of cymbals and the shaking of lights which arouse a sense of wondering curiosity and stimulated admiration for the silver palaces of the past and the vibrating personalities who peopled them. Such is Cuzco, the center of a religion based on the worship of natural phenomena; and the capital of a dominion which stretched

southward from the Equator through present Ecuador and Peru for two thousand miles, and embraced nearly all that there was of whatever approached civilization on the South American Continent.

It has always been the custom for ancient peoples to inhabit fertile valleys, and in selecting the Cuzco valley the Incas settled in a position admirable for defensive warfare, and in a climate where there was sufficient rainfall to provide grass for



COLONIAL GATEWAY, CUZCO, PERU

Photo by J. P. Keyes

animals and to make tillage possible. But there is still another explanation for the founding of this city, the explanation given by the Incas themselves, which, although not quite so practical, is of interest in showing the imagination and the religious proclivities of the race. We are told that when the Incas were still on the isolated Island of the Sun, in Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable body of water in the world, the spirit of the sun appeared before two of their greatest leaders, and presented them with a golden wand. Explaining that he had chosen them because of their outstanding ability and character, he commanded them to go forth, take his gift with them, and search until they came to the place where the golden wand dipped

toward the ground, and to there establish the new capital of the empire. These privileged men hastened to obey the request of their deity and when they reached the present site of Cuzco, the wand bent toward the earth, and they knew that this spot was the one selected by their sun-god as the capital of their kingdom.

There are few of us who have not heard of the marvels of the Peruvian Empire destroyed by Pizarro, our only regret being that the besom of Spanish destruction swept so clean and left us remains in almost only one form—that of walls. We have no painting, no statues, no complete building. But the walls are so remarkable that they assume the guise of unique memorials to an amazing persistence and an

astounding skill, not in any decorative sense, for of that there is hardly a trace, but in the high degree of perfection in the cutting and fitting together of blocks of stone. Fortunately, many of the streets of the modern city follow the line of the old and long stretches of these walls may still be seen, so utterly different are they from the Spanish work that their Inca origin is obvious. The most common type consists of large uniform rectangular blocks, slightly convex on the outer surfaces, fitted together with such great care that it is impossible to insert the blade of a knife between the joints. It is hard to believe that there was no mortar or cement used in forming these perfect connections. For the most part the walls thus built slope slightly backward from the base, and the stones at the top are usually smaller than those on the bottom. The few apertures in the walls are in a good state of preservation and now serve as windows or entrance-doorways for the modern houses erected on their summits. Two such walls inclose a narrow street running southwestward from the great plaza and two others inclose a street running northwestward from the same plaza. But by far the most perfect piece of work is in the remains of the Temple of the Sun, which now forms part of the foundation and out of whose ruins was built the existent church and convent of St. Dominick. This perfection is to be seen to best advantage on the west end of the church, where the foundation-wall is made in a gradual curve, each stone being carefully cut to conform to the general curvature of the whole rather than retaining their more characteristic individual convexity. These are all so carefully fitted, and so expertly rounded, that they seem to form one solid block of stone. Behind them are some chambers the side walls of which are of the same finished workmanship and the doors that form the entrances to these rooms are quite reminiscent of many of the early Egyptian doorways, and for that matter, quite similar to some which we casually call "modernistic."

There are many remains of these walls scattered throughout the city, some of them serving the purpose of foundations for terraces in small gardens, of rock seats and

garden walks, and in one spot I found a few of them in a pigsty. If it were possible to carry off all the present superstructure, and excavate underneath, we should probably find sufficient remains to enable us to determine the former plan of the city. We are told that the Incas built immense covered halls, but as they seemed ignorant of the arch, and as we have absolutely no evidence on the point even from their pottery, we cannot tell how these were covered.

There also seems to have been little development of that form of decorative art which we admire in the remains of the patterns in figures of men and animals in Yucatan and Honduras. The Inca walls were absolutely undecorated. It has been suggested that possibly the character of the hard igneous stone employed by them discouraged further workmanship. If this is the case we might expect to find a greater ornamentation in more malleable materials. And even here we are doomed to disappointment. Their pottery, made of clay and often fashioned in the shape of animals, is quite ordinary. The only assistance it gives us is to learn what animals still existent today were known to them. Their paintings on wooden vessels are an improvement on the pottery, for here the Incan artist attempted to depict, in colors, the action of some historical event, quite often a battle. In these, however, perspective is nearly absent, and there is little finesse of line, but in the brilliant reds and greens still well preserved on the surfaces of the receptacles, furnish us with a brief survey of the various types of weapons used by the Incas and their enemies—usually the savage tribes of the eastern Amazon Basin. The former employed the spear at close quarters and relied on the sling at greater distances, the latter used immense bows and arrows as do their descendants today. The Inca also provided himself with a long brilliantly-colored feather headdress; the dual possession of which might easily lead to speculation regarding the possibility of contact between the Incas and the North American Indian.

However impressive the walls inside Cuzco may be, they become insignificant when compared with the more gigantic



Photo by J. P. Keyes

ANCIENT INCA THRONE, CUZCO, PERU—CARVED FROM THE SOLID ROCK ON THE HILL ABOVE THE CAPITAL OF THEIR EMPIRE, THE INCAS ERECTED THIS THRONE FOR THEIR RULER AND HIS LESSER CHIEFTAINS, FROM WHICH THE DIGNITARIES OF THIS GREAT EMPIRE COULD SURVEY THE RISING OF THE SUN, THEIR MOST GLORIFIED DEITY, THEIR COMPLEX MILITARY PARADES ON THE PLAIN BELOW, AND THE MIGHTY FORTESS OF SACSASUAMAN ON THE SUMMIT OF THE OPPOSITE HILL

ramparts of the prehistoric Fortress of Sacsahuaman, situated at the top of the hill of the same name rising immediately above the present city; which forms one of the most remarkable fortifications of the South American Continent. Various series of stone ramparts ran all around this hill, parts of them still remaining on its precipitous southern face. But on the northern side, that side which is turned away from Cuzco, the hill is much less steep, and has also much less rise, being only one hundred feet above the ground behind it. And it is on this face that the ability of the military engineers of the time was concentrated. Here we find three parallel lines of walls, one behind the other, all stretching for nearly one third of a mile; and both the massiveness of the construction and the skill with which the enormous stones, some of them weighing many tons, have been interlocked, evidence a boldness of conception and a persistence of endeavor astounding in a primitive people; for this fortress was constructed long before the time of the historic Inca overthrown by the Spaniards.

Another amazing characteristic of this fortification is its tactical military strength. Most of the walls of ancient Greece, and Italian and medieval cities, were built in straight lines, but these although parallel, consist of a series of salient and re-entering angles so arranged that they command the whole space outside and below them. This saw-tooth pattern greatly increased the defensive qualities of the fortress, and indicates a well developed military skill in a race which we are more apt to connect with the primitive bow and arrow.

Opposite these walls about a third of a mile distant, is another rocky promontory, called, because of its curious convex shape, the Rodadero. And all over this prominence are seats carved in the rock with amazing smoothness of surface and sharpness of angle, all roughly facing the east. The most remarkable is a set of thirteen seats, one in the center with nine others declining from it on the left and three on the right side. This is called the Seat of the Inca, although there is no authentic tradition, nor any record of the purpose



STREET SCENE, CUZCO, PERU

Photo by J. P. Keyes

for which, or by whom this seat was constructed nor of the purpose of the many other niches scattered in the surrounding rock. However, since we know that the Inca chieftain was the religious and temporal ruler of his people, and that sun-worship was the highest expression of their religious beliefs, we may easily conjecture that the King of the Incas led his people here to witness the rising of the sun, and that from his seat of power, surrounded by his lesser nobles, arranged in the order of their seniority, bedecked with all the brilliant richness of golden breastplates and amulets and plumed headdresses, he surveyed, not only religious ceremonies, but also intricate military processions and maneuvers in the level valley between his throne and his fortress. And as he was the supreme combination of church and state, he may also have directed from this same spot the destinies which controlled his vast empire. Possibly here was engendered the plan for the aqueduct which furnished water for the thirty thousand inhabitants of his capital, and of the irrigating system which supplied the fields manned by those people. Perhaps this was the distribution point of the agricultural products of the

Empire, for the total produce was always submitted to the central government for equal apportionment among the people. And possibly this was the starting point from which the great Inca highway began.

Nearly all of us have heard about the fine system of roads built by the Romans, but few of us realize that in South America all roads led to Cuzco. At a time when the automobile has aroused nearly all the world to the benefits of good roads, it is very interesting to briefly examine the "King's Road of the Incas," constructed by men, so far as we know, ignorant of iron or steel, of engineering as we understand it, and of mathematical instruments, but which followed from Quito, Ecuador, to Tucuman, Argentina, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, the immense heights of the Andes, and which was so carefully graded by wonderfully calculated hairpin turns, "S" curves, and zig-zags, that modern engineers are following its course in constructing new roads over the same territory. It was carried along the faces of precipices on shelves hewn from solid rock, or upon masonry abutments built up from beneath. Chasms were spanned by suspension bridges supported by cables of wool, cotton, or fibre

rope. Ravines were filled with solid masonry to form causeways over which the road crossed. And where the way was barred by insurmountable cliffs, tunnels were cut through. Yet no mortar or cement was used in its construction. The surface was often paved with carefully fitted blocks of stone, and in certain instances, was paved with some form of asphalt or bitumen. A complete system of side-roads connected the hinterland with the main artery. And all along this immense road system at intervals of forty miles, were placed "Imperial Inns," which served as storerooms of food supplies and equipment for the army, and as distribution centers for villages and settlements stricken with famine or threatened with war; and as eating places for the army when on the march. A continuous series of sentry posts, watch towers, and forts, some of which were built out from the face of cliffs or carefully concealed on mountain-tops, as at Machu-Picchu, guarded the arteries of the Empire. Moreover, a complete system of signal fires or lights was rigidly maintained by means of which mes-

sages could be transmitted from post to post with amazing speed. When the Caros tribe in Quito, Ecuador, revolted, news was thus received in Cuzco within four hours after the commencement of hostilities.

The stories of immense golden treasures possessed by the Incas which have embellished history and fiction and which have often whiled away many a childhood hour, have their foundation in fact. For over this highway, according to Inca records, trudged two hundred carriers, each bending under a burden of gold, totaling more than ten tons in weight; to be utilized in making the gold chain that the Inca Huayna Kapac had ordered to commemorate the birth of his son, Huescar. Over it too was transported an even greater treasure, amounting to seven hundred loads of gold of seventy-five pounds each, sent from the Chieftain Chuquis as a ransom for Atahualpa, but this store of gold, unlike the vast quantity which finally arrived to complete Kapac's chain, never reached its destination. Somewhere along the ancient road this vast accumulation of precious



CATHEDRAL, CUZCO, PERU

Photo by J. P. Keyes

metal lies buried to this day, for when word of the arrival of Pizarro was flashed along the line, and when the news of the death of Atahualpa was received, the gold-laden Incas concealed their burden somewhere near Piscobamba.

And by a queer trick of fortune the road which had served the Incas so well in time of peace and in war, her great connecting link with the far-flung outposts of her Andean Empire, was also the means of communication used by the mail-clad Dons of Pizarro, in their march on Cuzco; and following it across the vast Atacama Desert of northern Chile went Pedro de Valdivia to conquer for the glory of Spain the more southern province of the Incan possessions.

The sudden and complete downfall of the Incas seems so strange in a race so gifted that one searches for an explanation. In a very brief period of time, their Empire, their dynasty, and their religion was swept aside by a race so superior to them in knowledge and in energy that they looked upon the Spaniard as a new and revengeful deity. They first believed the Spaniard and his horse to be one strange animal. Armor was proof against their weapons. Spanish was a language that they could not understand. They were past the full extent of their powers and had become a docile and submissive race when Pizarro and Valdivia arrived, and under the crushing onslaught of the well-trained soldiers of Spain, they saw their people and their chieftains slain—chieftains in whom was centered their government and their religion, their faith and their trust. They had no place to turn, no new banner under which to rally, and bewildered, stunned, baffled, and terror-stricken, they meekly submitted to a race that they could not understand. It is impossible to forget as one stands in the great Plaza today that mute and stirring manifestation of faith by the Inca people, when, in 1571, one of the last of the Inca nobility, Tupac Amaru, a youth accused of rebellion by the Spanish Viceroy, Francisco de Toledo, was beheaded before the vast Indian crowd that filled it, and his head stuck on a pike and raised above the scaffold. Late that night a Spaniard on looking out of his window facing

the Plaza was surprised to see it still crowded with Indians, silently kneeling reverently before the remains of the last of an ancient and sacred line.

So much has been written about the conquest of South America, so many tales of horror have been told about that conquest that a few observations on this score may seem superfluous. To be sure, bloodshed and persecution there was, but is this uncommon when a primitive race is subjugated? One religion superseded another, a cultured civilization dominated one less advanced, but I find little strange in this as well. Wherever Spain has penetrated she has usually carried two of her most characteristic manifestations—the plaza, the center of her social life, and the church, the focus of her ecclesiastical activities. The great Plaza in the middle of the town is broad in its dimensions, pleasantly landscaped, and bounded by three remarkable churches, which, together with the fortress hill of Sacshuaman frowning over it, give it an air of majesty seldom experienced even in a Spanish Plaza. The two lesser Plazas, the San Francisco and the Cusipata, are less steeped in history, but are rudely picturesque with their arcaded sides over which lean quaint houses covered with balconies and frail with age.

There are many churches left from the colonial era, the most majestic of which is the cathedral whose solemn smooth surfaced square towers guard a fantastically carved façade. This combination of simplicity and flagellated stone does not seem unharmonious in a place where, when one in trouble was left unaided, there passed an execution, and where, when two or three were gathered together in unkindness, there passed the Inquisition. Yet the cathedral is not without an impressive interior dominated by the silver altar before which even the terrible Pizarro was wont to kneel. It is not difficult to imagine, while standing in its solemn silence, the distant approach of some mystic procession heralded by throbbing and crashing music, led by armored gallants decked in flaming raiment afire with the brilliant interplay of emerald and pearl, scarlet and indigo, and topaz; and to visualize this sea of silk and satin pass, with little acolytes like angels jostling and



COURTYARD, CUZCO, PERU

Photo by J. P. Keyes

dipping their candles even while a great red cardinal carries the pyx, and move onward to the towering altar alight with heavenly hills of candles, burning slim and steady, plumed with delicate feathers of flame. One seems to hear the majesty of the organ, the chanting of the choir; the smoky perfume from the censers fills one's nostrils, and one is blinded by the dazzle of reflected jewels until one's senses are restored in the plaza outside.

Near the cathedral is the *Compañía*, church of the Jesuits, whose intricate façade must have satisfied even the most exaggerated love of the baroque, for the exultant and rhythmic movement of the lines, and the living interplay of its delicate stresses and tenderly conspiring images form an elaborate shifting pattern of light and shade.

The Church of Merced (Our Lady of Mercy, the patroness of Peru) has richly decorated ceilings and a fine staircase leading to the choir, as well as a very attractive cloister. And it is in the calm retreat of such a cloister, rather than in these churches, that one experiences a certain precision and order; it is a spot where one seeks in vain for the enthusiasm of a vast congregation,

but where one can feel the immense emotion of the world.

Those churches already mentioned are the most famous of the churches in Cuzco, but one that is less well known, and much less visited, the old church of San Blas, contains in her pulpit one of the most remarkable pieces of work in the city, a marvel of delicate carving, the glory of an Indian craftsman. When we reflect on the astounding skill of the Inca in the cutting of stone as shown in their walls, and when we see the application of that skill, under the persuasive direction of the Spaniard, producing a façade like that of the *Compañía* church, and the pulpit in San Blas, we are inclined to conclude that here are the beginnings of a distinctive type of artistic invention which is only partially Spanish, but rather Peruvian, and which, if developed, might have reflected great credit on the Indian race.

And while I stood in the great plaza of this ancient city of mythical origin, and watched the modern Incas passing quietly by, I wondered if perhaps the outward manifestation of the Spanish occupation, might not be really all that remains of that age.



Photo by J. P. Keyes

MT. OSORNO AND THE CHILEAN LAKE OF TODOS LOS SANTOS, DISCOVERED BY A SPANISH ECCLESIASTICAL EXPLORER ON ALL SAINTS DAY

Pan American Passage

ARLETTA PHILLIPPS AHRENS

Mrs. Ahrens, who was formerly executive secretary to Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, later President of Colombia, is a well-known authority on Latin America, where she has travelled extensively for the Grace line. Her article reveals how swift and simple a journey through this enchanting continent can be for any woman

“WHAT is there to see in Latin America?” we “norte-americanos” often ask, interested of course, but perhaps just a little superior about it, thinking, sotto voce, of New York, Harvard, Palm Beach.

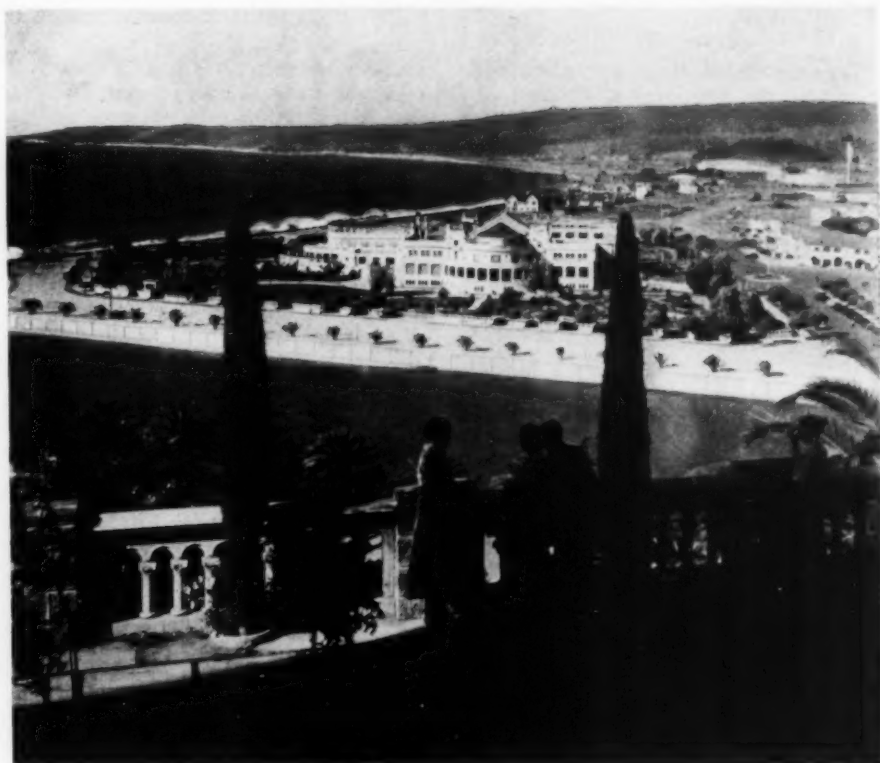
What is there to see? Well, there is a university in Lima—San Marcos—that was sixty-nine years old before the *Mayflower* left Plymouth. There are ruins left by the Mayas, Aztecs, Incas, Chimus, that antedate anything we can boast. Cuzco, Peru, Quito, Ecuador, and Mexico City were great metropolitan centers long before the white man ever saw them. Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Santiago and Lima rival our own beautiful, modern cities. And the

scenery throughout Latin America is perhaps the most magnificent in the world.

In short, the traveler to Latin America is in for an “eye-opener” and the process begins right at our own southern border.

For there isn’t a city in the United States that has a better climate and more natural beauty than Mexico’s capital. Spring is there the year around; the trees are never without leaves. In the famous floating gardens of Xochimilco, I saw violets and chrysanthemums blooming side by side.

High on a hill in the center of the city proud Chapultepec Castle stands unchanged since the days of its builders, the ill-fated Maximilian and his lovely Carlotta. Peren-



Courtesy, Grace Line

VINA DEL MAR, CHILE, A RESORT WHICH HAS BECOME KNOWN AS THE BIARRITZ OF THE NEW WORLD

nially snow-capped, the volcanoes Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl (Sleeping Lady) look down alike on Chapultepec and the modern city at its feet. Modern, yet transformed every Sunday, when the "charros" ride in the resplendent costumes of Spanish colonial days, and on "días de fiesta" when the women invariably choose to wear the "china poblana" costume. That was the dress of the lovely Chinese princess, so the story goes, who was kidnapped by pirates and brought across the seas to Mexico. There she was sold as a slave to a wealthy man of the town of Puebla. But so dear did she become to her master that he married her and together they carried out her desire to help the poor. So today the dress she wore is immortalized in the "china poblana" costume of the fiestas.

From Mexico to the Panama Canal is seventeen hundred and sixty-five miles as

the crow flies—and Pan American Airways. So we head south, over the pyramids of the ancient Aztecs, mindful of those other, Mayan, ruins farther to the east in Yucatan. Just a tantalizing bird's-eye view of beautiful Guatemala and an overnight stop in its modern capital city of the same name, then Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, in swift succession. Glimpses of coffee "fincas," banana plantations and mahogany forests, and we are down in Panama, "crossroads of the world."

Here we may pardonably show our national pride. For Panama means not only the Republic of Panama, but also the Panama Canal. That "greatest liberty that man ever took with Nature" is the product of American engineers who cut down the continental divide eighty-five feet to shorten the distance around the world by eight thousand miles.

Panama boasts the oldest white settlement in the New World, Panama City, founded in 1519. In those days, the isthmus was fifty miles of mountain and jungle, hostile Indians, swamps, mosquitoes and sudden death. Today the Canal Zone, five miles on each side of the Canal, holds two fine, healthful cities, Cristobal and Balboa, a railroad and airplane fields. The transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific is made by ship in seven hours, by train in two hours, by air in twenty-four minutes.

Buenaventura, Colombia, is our first port of call south of the Canal. It is a typical tropical port, not at all indicative of the cool slopes of the Andes to the east where grows some of the finest coffee in the world, nor of the high plateau inland where lies Bogotá, the capital. "The Athens of South America" this is called, because of the faultless Spanish spoken there, rare as the emeralds found only in Colombia. For Spanish, language of all the Latin American republics except Brazil (Portuguese) and Haiti (French) varies with the locality—much like English in the United States!

Excitement now, for we are approaching the Equator. But don't look for the line you see on the map! For not a thing, not even a shading of the dark blue water, marks the "crossing of the Line." But the fierce blowing of the ship's whistle, the gay Neptune party and your "diploma" herald your entrance into the region of the Southern Cross, and make it a day to be remembered.

Guayaquil, first port of call south of the Equator, lies forty miles up the Guayas River from the Pacific Ocean. Bamboo huts on stilts line the shores. Rafts of balsa wood glide by, laden with wood or bananas or cacao, or perhaps with a whole family and their few Lares and Penates. A negro burdened only with a loin cloth, poles the raft, a woman holds an infant to her breast and cooks the family meal on a *brasero* as she floats to her new home.

From the river, Guayaquil appears as a city of fine marble buildings, clean modern stores and trim parkway lining the waterfront. (You must go back a few blocks to see mud streets, naked brown babies, and the shining red fire-engine housed in a

bamboo fire house!) Our ship anchors in mid-stream and blows her whistle—signal for dozens of launches to rush out for passengers and cargo. What a race they put on! The drivers cross each other's path, craft banging into craft with great crashing and shouting. But miraculously none sinks and there is not even a spill. And so you go ashore, to pull up to marble steps awash in the river and pass through lines of vendors offering everything from cocoanuts and little monkeys, to suitcases and belts of snakeskin—or even a live snake!

But Ecuador means just one purchase to the wise traveler—a Panama hat! For the best of these are made in the hill-towns of Ecuador, particularly Montecristi, and most of them find their way from the patient fingers of the Indians to the vendors and hat shops of Guayaquil. A Panama hat is valued according to its fineness, and some hats are as soft and light as linen.

From Guayaquil the traveler who is lucky and has two weeks to spare, will go inland to Quito, "the capital on the Equator." But an altitude of 9,500 feet gives Quito a temperate and not tropical climate, one of the many surprises in which Latin America abounds.

So far, in our trip down the Pacific coast, we have seen and felt the colonial influence of old Spain. But leave the coast, go into the high Andes, and you step back not only to the days of the Conquistadores, but further—to a thousand years ago, and the days of the Incas. For Quito was a great city and the northern capital of the vast Inca empire and civilization when France and Germany were still over-run by barbarians. Today, Quito is modern. Yet, walking her paved streets, bringing their produce to the markets to sell, are barefoot Indians dressed in gorgeously colored hand-woven costumes such as their ancestors wore centuries ago.

It is said that Quito was connected with the principal capital of the Inca empire, Cuzco, Peru, by a road, and that a good runner could make the trip in four days. But I was never much of a runner. So I went back to Guayaquil, stepped from a floating wharf into a flying bird that lay in the river, bearing on her silver body



SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA, PERU

Photo by J. P. Keyes

the legend, "SANTA ANA—Pan American Grace Airways" and in six hours was in Lima, capital of Peru, Pizarro's "City of the Kings."

An exquisite city, Lima, truly fit for a king, but more like a jewel to me, a jewel lying cool and green in a brown desert.

For the whole, long coast of Peru between the Andes and the sea, and the northern half of Chile almost as far south as Valparaiso, is a vast desert, knowing rain only once in the memory of living men.

When Pizarro landed in Peru in 1531, he found that the Indians knew irrigation and that the coastal sands would yield fine crops when water was brought from the snows of

the Andes. So Lima today is a city of man-made lakes, beautiful parks and tree-shaded streets—a miracle of irrigation. A miracle, too, in the blending of old and new: the Cathedral that Pizarro founded and where he lies in a glass coffin, the University of San Marcos, oldest in the New World, the magnificent palace of the Torre-Tagle with its exquisite carved wood balconies—all stand in the midst of modern Lima. There, too, is the Palace of La Perricholi, immortalized in Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey." Mestiza and dancer, she built on the balcony of her bedroom the most exquisite gold and mother-of-pearl altar in all Peru!

Still more historic and far more ancient are the Chimu ruins at Pachacamac and Cajamarquilla, within a short drive of Lima's Country Club and golf course and "La Cabaña" where one may dine and dance.

The Limeños think it gets cold in winter (June, July, August) but since it never rains, it never snows, and I noticed palm trees lining the city streets and two-story-high geraniums that I was told bloom all year around. Living in Lima seemed as delightful as the dark-eyed women who wear to Mass soft, flattering lace mantillas, but come to tea at the hotel in Paris gowns.

Yes, Lima is a jewel over which we would like to linger, but southward still, lies Chile. Seventeen days by sea, four and one-half days by air, six thousand miles from New York, is this southernmost republic of the New World.

A long, thin strip on the map, Chile has three thousand miles of coast, a topography that ranges from deserts in the north through lush Andean valleys in the central part, to bleak, cold regions in the south where lie the straits through which Magellan sailed to circumnavigate the globe. Although Chile raises some of the finest fruit and crops in the world, only five percent of her entire area is arable, and her wealth lies in her mineral resources—nitrate, copper, iron, silver and gold.

An earthquake some years ago destroyed Valparaiso, the port, and Santiago, the capital, so today these cities are modern in every sense of the word. Santiago still retains a strong Spanish flavor but here,

farthest from New York, is the Latin American city that seems most like home. For Chile, more than the other west coast countries, has felt European immigration. One sees the result of the melting-pot as in our own country, and how it is reflected in the Irish, German, English names! There is the Hotel O'Higgins for instance, at that famous seaside resort, Viña del Mar, while farther south, in the Chilean Lake region, the Swiss and German innkeepers hold almost a monopoly.

Ah, those Chilean Lakes! Have you seen Yellowstone Park, the Adirondacks, Lake Placid, the Alps, Lake Como? Even so you have only half-savored the beauty of Chile's Lake Region. Magnificent forests rival California's Sequoias. Snow-capped mountains tower twenty thousand feet above sea-level. Hundreds of lakes lie like a necklace of jewels across the ancient neck of the Andes.

These lakes form one of the three routes from Santiago, Chile, to Buenos Aires, Argentina. There is also a railroad, and last but not least, the famous airplane route. Flights are made both ways three times a week, and the trip takes five and one-half hours. I have made it twice—a thrilling, beautiful, unforgettable experience. You fly at an altitude of fifteen to twenty thousand feet—just at the level of the canyon's rim! Oxygen is available at each seat, but I saw few passengers who needed it.

Over "the hump" of the Andes, on wings God has given to man! So does the new and the modern go hand in hand with the old in Latin America.



Photo by J. P. Keyes

THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE VILLAGE OF TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA, NEAR WHICH SOME OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RELICS OF THE PRE-INCA PERIOD STILL REMAIN



Maria Sagrada of Guadalupe

ANNE ROBINSON

FEW LOVELIER TALES WILL TIME UNFOLD
THAN ONE, FOUR HUNDRED YEARS HAVE TOLD,
OF LITTLE JUAN DIEGO'S QUEST
FOR A SIGN BY MARIA SAGRADA BLESSED.

UNEARTHLY ROSES, PINK AND WHITE,
WERE GLOWING ON A DAWN'S COLD LIGHT,
WHEN JUAN FOUND THEM, AS MARY SAID,
DECEMBER BLOOMS ON A ROCK-HILL BED.
VIRGINAL WHITE AND PINK AND FAIR,
JUST AS SHE PROMISED, HE FOUND THEM THERE.

THE LITTLE INDIAN LAD KNEELED DOWN
AND GATHERED THEM WITHIN HIS GOWN.
THEN SWIFTLY HE RAN TO FRANCIS' SHRINE
AND LAUGHED AND CRIED, "THE SIGN, THE SIGN."

WONDERING PADRES HEARD HIS TALE
AND LIFTED HIS TILMA, THIN AND FRAIL,
WHILE SHINING AROUND IT, STARRY BRIGHT,
WERE ROSES, SILVERY PINK AND WHITE.

THEN THE PADRES KNELT TO THE LITTLE LAD,
AND BELLS RANG OUT, AND THEIR HEARTS WERE GLAD,
FOR JUAN HAD BROUGHT TO THAT KNEELING GROUP,
THE MIRACULOUS TILMA OF GUADALUPE.





THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO SERVES TO INTRODUCE A NUMBER OF ETCHINGS BY ROURA OXANDABERRO OF POINTS OF INTEREST IN QUITO, THE NORTHERN CAPITAL OF THE INCA EMPIRE WHICH FLOURISHED BEFORE MANY OF THE EUROPEAN COUNTRIES BECAME CIVILIZED. THE STORY IS COMMONLY TOLD IN QUITO THAT IN THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH WHEAT WAS FIRST GROWN ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE



ESQUINA DE LA CONCEPCIÓN

THE CHURCH OF LA CONCEPCIÓN. THE CORNER SHRINE IS QUITE COMMON THROUGHOUT LATIN AMERICA



PUERTA DEL ARZOBISPADO

THE DOORWAY LEADING INTO THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, WHICH IS OPPOSITE THE CATHEDRAL ON THE PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA. THE LOVELY CARVING AND GRILL WORK ARE TYPICAL OF ECUADOR



REFECTORIE DE SAN DIEGO

BUILT AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, ORIGINALLY A FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, SAN DIEGO IS NOW OCCUPIED BY NUNS. HERE IS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BEAUTIFUL CARVING ON THE DOORWAY LEADING INTO THE DINING HALL



SACRISTÍA (SAN FRANCISCO)

THE SACRISTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIKE MOST FAMOUS CHURCHES, IS A STOREHOUSE OF ART



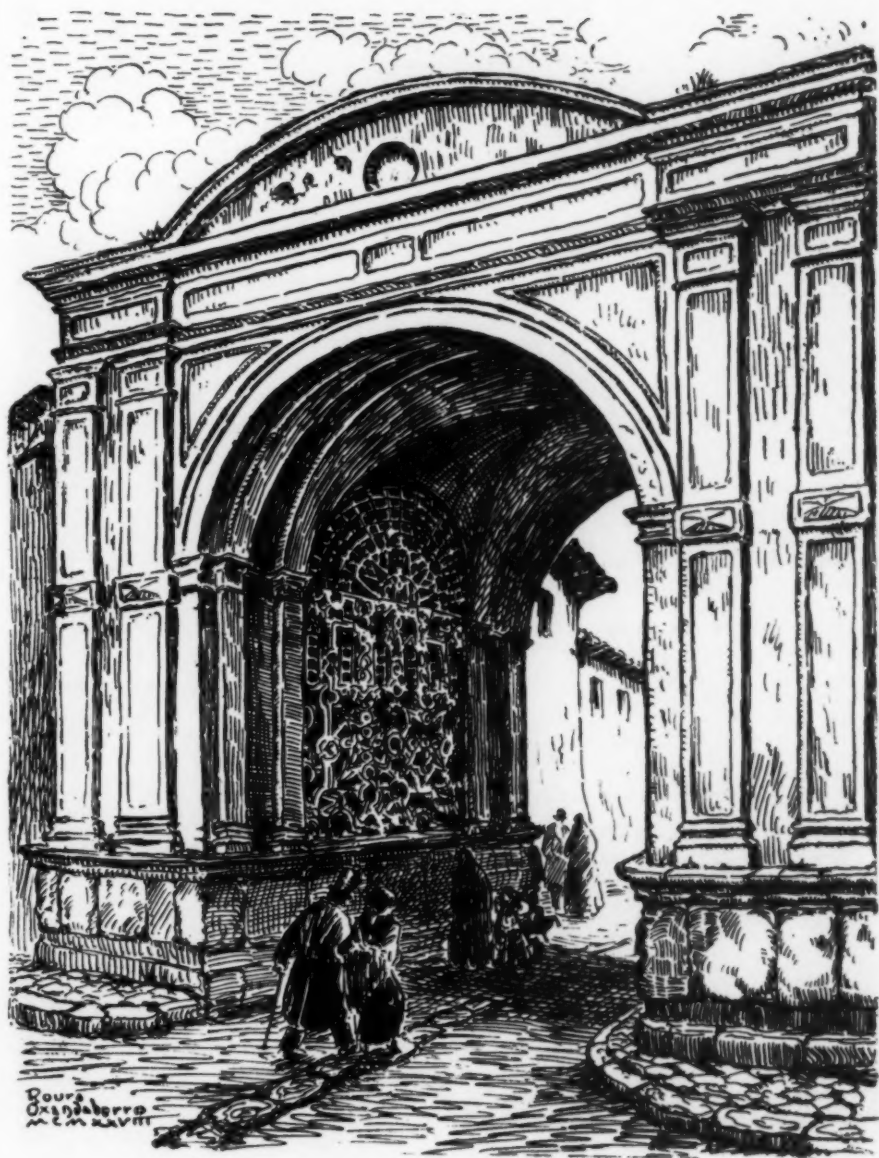
ESCALERA MONUMENTAL DE LA MERCED

THE MONUMENTAL STAIRCASE IN THE CONVENT OF LA MERCED, WHICH IS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF QUITO



CLAUSTRO (SAN FRANCISCO)

ONE OF THE FOUR GREAT CLOISTERS OF THE CONVENT AS SEEN BY THE SPANISH ETCHER. THE ARCHES ARE SUPPORTED BY DORIC COLUMNS OF STONE



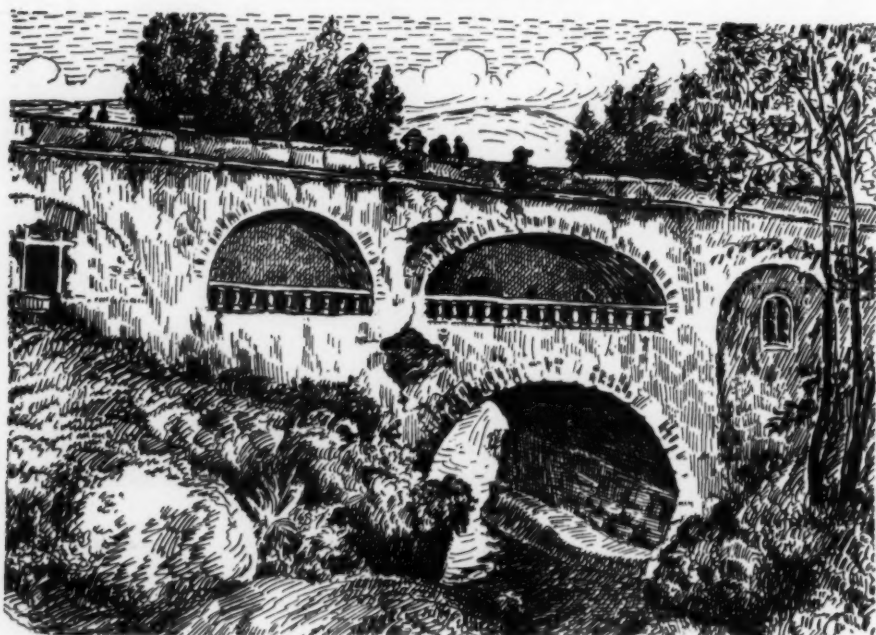
ARCO DE LA REYNA

A LOVELY ARCH IN A QUITO STREET WHICH HAS BEEN NAMED "THE QUEEN'S ARCH," PROBABLY BECAUSE OF ITS STATELINESS



SALA CAPITULAR

CHAPTER ROOM OF SAN AGUSTIN IN WHICH THE PEOPLE OF QUITO RATIFIED THEIR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE ON AUGUST 16, 1809



PUENTE DEL MACHÁNCARA

ONE OF THE STONE BRIDGES LEADING INTO THE CITY WHICH SPANS A DEEP RAVINE

A Spanish Trade Letter of the Revolutionary Period

THROUGH the courtesy of Dr. James A. Robertson, Archivist of the Hall of Records of the State of Maryland, the Editor is privileged to print a letter showing the existence of trade between the United States and the Spanish colonies during the Revolution, and the difficulties attending it. The original letter is preserved in Brown Book Vol. 7 of Maryland's Rainbow Series of eighty-three volumes of rare early American papers.

Dr. Robertson, an authority upon Hispanic American Records, kindly translated the letter from the Spanish. It is written in a bold, readable, even beautiful hand, and is the work of an amanuensis. The closing and the signature alone are in the hand of Diego Joseph Navarro, a Spanish colonial official in Havana. The mention of Mr. Robert Dorsey indicates the presence of an American agent in Havana. Regarding the subject of the letter, Dr. Robertson writes:

"At the outbreak of the American Revolution, the former English colonies were without many resources and had little trade even among themselves, and almost none with the outside world. The English fleets gave the mother country well-nigh mastery of the sea for a while, but gradually, in spite of this, the Americans were able to carry on considerable trade with neighboring countries. Havana became a ready market for American flour.

The letter is interesting, for it shows one phase of the American Revolution. It must be remembered also that Spain had declared war on England and, although no alliance was made between Spain and the United States, and Spain fought independently for the most part, there was a certain community of interest that was not without its effect. And certain products, one of which was flour, could best be furnished from the nearby colonies. Perhaps this was an early forerunner of contacts

between the United States and Hispanic America."

The letter follows:

"My Dear Sir:

From your Excellency's very greatly appreciated letter of June 27 last, I acknowledge the real feeling I owe to the commonwealth of that province, of which you are the head. For by the consignment of flour conveyed in the brigantine Fox, captain, James Buchanan, and by what Mr. Robert Dorsey has stated to me, I remain without the slightest doubt (of my sentiments).

Corresponding on my part to such singular manifestation, I have concurred voluntarily to have the flour paid for at the highest price current and whatever has been pleasing to Mr. Dorsey has been conceded. I believe, as he states, that he is content. The only thing I regret, and I make known to your Excellency in conformity with the good conduct of that gentleman is that both to prevent the above mentioned brigantine from falling into the hands of enemies and because of other reasons indispensable for the common good of our powers who are now engaged in hostilities with Great Britain, it has not been possible for me to allow its clearance until now, notwithstanding the just protests made by the agent. I have promised him to give your Excellency the reasons for its detention in order to give assurance of his conduct, in order that your Excellency may be pleased, as I request, to render satisfaction to the interested persons. I doubt not that the latter will do me the justice to believe that had not such potent reasons intervened as those above stated, never would I have presumed to detain the vessel since it is my desire to please them.

On this matter I am at your Excellency's disposition and desire to render service to you also, praying God to preserve your life many years.

Havana, October 15, 1780.

Your Excellency's most sincere and attentive servant kisses your hands,

Diego Joseph Navarro.

(Addressed:) Mr. Thomas Sim Lee
Governor of the State of Maryland."



GAY HOLLYHOCKS, BLUE LARKSPUR, A BIT OF SKY, AND A PATH LEADING TO SHADY WOODS TRANSFORMED "THE OLD CHEESE BOX" INTO A COLORFUL WORKBOX OF AMPLE SIZE, IT BEING FOURTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER. OF THIS BOX, MRS. CARROLL WRITES: "ONE OF THE SAME SIZE WAS SENT TO A RECENT BRIDE, AND ON THAT COVER, IN ALL THE GRANDEUR OF GAY PLUMAGE, STROLLING DOWN A TERRACED WALK, WAS 'HIS MAJESTY,' THE PEACOCK. NOT FAR FROM MY CHILDHOOD HOME WAS ONE SO LIKE 'HIS MAJESTY' THAT I AM SURE THEY ARE AKIN"

The Spirit of the Hand-made

V. The "Yankee Cheese-Box" and Its Relations

MARY E. COE

The illustrations in the following entrancing article on old boxes came from a New Hampshire collector, Mrs. Charles H. Carroll. Of her collection, she writes: "Becoming a collector was the result of a pleasure trip one summer afternoon twelve years ago to a nearby Shaker village. Under the roof of a storehouse and in the main house were found many types of boxes—chests, large and small—and buckets which contained years ago the famous Shaker applesauce and syrup. In the twinkling of an eye, I had become a collector. Years only added to the true collector's spirit, and as time went on many types of old boxes and trays passed through my hands. None were of finer workmanship than those turned out at the Shaker village. All of the boxes pictured are over a hundred years old."

PROMINENT among the many fine characteristics of our numerous women's organizations, is the continual search for something new and different—something that will attract and interest our members. Two or three years ago, the Historical Society of Madison, Connecticut, planned an Exhibition of Boxes, as an added attraction for their Homecoming. This exhibition lasted for two days, and was held in their

historical house, which, by the way, was the old home of Cornelius Bushnell of Monitor fame, through whose influence the "Yankee cheese-box on a raft" made its first appearance. So successful was this exhibition that automobile loads of visitors came from every part of the state, and were cordially welcomed by the fair hostesses in colonial costumes.

The box idea spread to Illinois, and

Perrin-Wheaton Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has put on a similar exhibition. Other chapters may follow—just to be in step.

When we came to the task of preparing a program, we discovered that practically nothing had been written, or printed upon the subject of boxes. A very few articles had appeared in magazines with regard to Band-boxes. Chests had been briefly mentioned under furniture. Therefore, if we insisted upon having a paper, we must write it ourselves, relying upon well-known facts, bound together by the fragile ties of imagination. So we begin.

We first consult our friend, Mr. Webster as to what a box really is. We thought we knew, but we must be quite sure. We find that it is a closed receptacle, with cover, readily portable, and includes case, chest, trunk—in Great Britain—and other receptacles down to the smallest pill-box.

We then proceed to catechise ourselves as to who made the first boxes, and we

come to the conclusion—after much research—that boxes are as old as civilization, and that Dame Necessity, the mother of Mistress Invention, made the first pattern. The Joash box of the vintage of 878 B.C. proved a valuable invention, and the numerous descendants still appear in our churches. The box of oil mentioned in the Bible, might better be translated “flask”, and flasks have no place in this article.

We like to think that the inventive little Chinese were makers of boxes of ancient days, and that the beautiful Chinese boxes of today are children of a royal dynasty. May not their early boxes have been “ventures” for our Puritan

mothers? Of course, these China and India shawls must have come in boxes—perhaps not like the Field boxes of today, but in covered receptacles, all their own.

The first boxes were made of wood. In the Museum at Plymouth is a plain wooden chest, with a drawer at the base, which came over in the Mayflower. Some of us may



SOME OF THE OLD SHAKER BOXES WERE PUT TOGETHER WITH WOODEN PEGS, AND IN A FEW INSTANCES, LACED OR SEWED WITH STRIPS OF LEATHER. A GODEY PRINT HAS COMPLETELY “MADE OVER” THE LARGEST OF THESE



UPON THE COVERS OF THESE ARE DEPICTED SCENES NEAR THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT WHERE THE BOXES WERE FOUND



THE SAILOR'S DITTY BOX WHICH IS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR

have similar chests, with quaint hand-wrought iron hinges. Gradually, carved chests came into use. The Metropolitan Museum has a good collection of old chests, among them those carved by Nicholas Desborough, or Disbrowe, according to early spelling, 1612-1683, of Hartford. His favorite designs were sunflower, or tulip. Strange as it may seem, the Connecticut chests show more of the Dutch influence than that of Massachusetts, on the north.

As cabinet-making improved, painted chests came into vogue in 1700. Familiar decorations were the rose, the fleur-de-lis, the thistle, and sometimes a crown held a place of honor. Guilford (Connecticut) chests were well-made and highly prized.

Smaller wooden boxes were needed, and so, of course, Yankee ingenuity came to supply this need. A box, in which surveyor's instruments were kept, and used in laying out our town, Bible boxes, medicine-cases for doctors came into use, and upon the housewives' pantry shelves appeared an array of white sanded boxes, well-rounded, and of different sizes, containing sugar, salt, saleratus, etc. We may even read such signs as this: "John Clements, Trunk maker, Boxes, etc."

The story of increasing prosperity may be read in the types of boxes. Wood ceased to be the sole material. Boxes appeared of porcelain, glass, lacquer, rare enameled gold, silver, moss agate, lapis lazuli, mother-of-pearl. There appeared charming jewel boxes, patch boxes, sewing boxes, snuff

boxes. The tiny patch boxes are most attractive in their beautiful materials of amber, lacquer, silver and gold. Snuff boxes were made of the rarest materials known, and in many cases were adorned with gems. The oldest in existence is dated 1655. The French snuff boxes were ranked highest in point of beauty, although the Dresden boxes were a close second.

The ditty boxes, made by sailors on their long voyages, are to-day highly prized because of their rarity as well as their cabinet work. The regulation ditty box was about eighteen inches long, made of wood and equipped with a lock. In this box the sailor kept his sewing kit, and small personal belongings, such as his New Testament, and the love letters of his wife, or sweetheart, together with the daguerreotypes of his family. The materials used represented the regions visited, mahogany from the West Indies, olivewood from the Mediterranean, or the more common woods from our own coasts. The writer has in her possession one of the latter, covered with a reddish brown leather, and adorned with brass-headed nails and a twisted brass handle.

In 1782, there came into use for the making of boxes, a new material, the teeth and bone of the whale. This was developed through the inventive genius and handiwork of the whalemens of Nantucket, and it served a dual purpose that of passing time on board ship, and of making boxes to be used as gifts for wives, or sweethearts. These boxes were carved with jackknives,

and the carving was called "scrimshaw", a term not known to Noah Webster, but then he was not a whaler. The engravings were of three types, marine, patriotic and sentimental, the last taken largely from the illustrations in Godey's Lady's Book. Much of the carving was delicate and beautiful, and many of the boxes have been preserved for posterity, although "scrimshaw" work was never commercialized.

When we speak of the bandbox, we say, "Ah, that is the box that captivates the feminine heart." What a blow to our imagination when we learn that the first bandboxes were made for gentlemen. In this elliptical box, a man carried, when traveling, his best wig, his silk hat, and his neckband—silk, satin, or velvet, profusely adorned with lace, and sometimes garnished with a jeweled buckle. From these neckbands came the name bandboxes.

The earliest of these were made of wood, covered with paper, and decorated with vegetable dyes. In the late 1600's, painted hat-boxes were made by the Pennsylvania Dutch, but have generally disappeared.

Bandboxes may have been made for and by his majesty, but the fair sex soon discovered that they were quite as fitting receptacles for their poke bonnets, as for the articles placed there by the gentlemen, and women never believed in monopoly. A woman, Hannah Davis of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, was one of the most noted of the early bandbox makers. Her material consisted of thin sawed boards of spruce, covered with paper. She not only made these boxes, she sold them for fifty cents each.

In 1850, pasteboard became a common material. The first of these boxes are said to have been made in France, and the term, "carton," was applied to them, which word we

have adopted, with an Anglicized pronunciation and application.

The paper used for these boxes was often printed from wooden blocks. Innumerable were the designs which appeared upon bandboxes, floral designs, landscapes, marines, historic scenes—log cabin, capitol at New York, Mount Vernon, capitol at Washington, soldiers on drill, Sandy Hook light-house, portraits of presidents—Washington, Harrison, Zachary Taylor. From the last, one wonders if politics entered into the making of bandboxes.

Smaller boxes appeared, known as cap-boxes, for the lace and be-ribboned creations which adorned the white heads of the women of early America. This industry grew and prospered, until it became a thriving business. Let us read the labels: "Putnam's Bandbox Manufactory, Hartford, Conn.," "H. Barnes, Bandbox Manufactory, Jones Ave., Philadelphia". Because we give names and addresses, we hope none will accuse us of trying to advertise.

These bandboxes are found today, in old historic houses, and there have been several collectors of bandboxes, notably Alexander Drake and David Belasco. A fine collection may be seen at the Metropolitan Museum.

The box idea started among the Orientals. The fad swept Europe, and spread over America. The box of today is seldom regarded as a treasure, a useful and beautiful article to be preserved by us, and handed down to posterity. Boxes of

a by-gone day were the custodians of many valuable treasures, which otherwise would have been lost. If these boxes could speak, what stories they could tell—tales of hardship and privation, of industry and thrift, of love and romance, of joy and sorrow. In them, we may read our history.



AN OLD TRAY OF INTEREST AND CHARM FROM MRS. CARROLL'S COLLECTION, THE LOVERS DANCING ON THE GREEN IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE HOUSE. THIS REPRESENTS A PERIOD NOT OFTEN FOUND



COMMODORE THOMAS TRUXTUN, COMMANDER OF THE FRIGATE "CONSTELLATION"

Will Congress Send the Constellation Home?

MARIE O'DEA

EVER so often we discover, pending before Congress, a bill which conceals in the staid language of those wearisome prayers a story packed with adventure and brimming with human glory. Such are the bills which authorize the return of the Frigate *Constellation*, the oldest ship in the American Navy, to "Baltimore, Maryland, her home port."

In hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the United States there hangs a colorful picture of the Frigate *Constitution*, our beloved "Old Ironsides," one of the most famous ships of all times. A few years ago the Frigate *Constitution* was a national issue. Popular sentiment demanded that she be returned to her home port, Boston, to end her days in peace at the spot where she was launched into her magnificent career on September 20, 1797. The glamour of that venerable old battle-scarred heroine

at Boston has been proclaimed in song, story and drama.

It is unfortunate that the magnesium flare of publicity on the *Constitution* has overshadowed her two-weeks older companion frigate, the very oldest ship in our Navy, the *Constellation*. Her story, equally noble, but many years longer, has received scant notice from the historians, yet without the *Constellation* it is doubtful if even now we should be enjoying our freedom of the seas. The *Constellation* was built for that purpose and since that proud day of her launching, September 7, 1797, she has patrolled every body of water in the world, swooping down like a vulture upon the luckless pirate or enemy who dared lay an aggressive hand upon American merchantmen.

Trouble of this nature had been afoot during the entire sixteen years following the

close of the Revolution. As soon as the privateers were mustered out of service they put to sea on peaceful commercial missions. They were joined immediately by scores of other American cargo ships plying their trade overseas. But this suddenly inflated prosperity suffered unexpected punctures. In no quarter were the rights of citizens of the United States respected on the high seas. The little American merchantmen were the prey, first of all, of the British who insisted that Americans away from their own shores were potential British subjects, British frigate commanders proceeding, therefore, to remove the ablest seamen from any American ships they could overtake; usually this meant that the short-handed boats had to limp into the nearest port; indeed, many times, they were forced into foreign harbors and their cargoes confiscated. French privateers, too, helped themselves occasionally when the floating morsel was tempting. The pirates from the Barbary States along the northern coast of Africa had scourged the overseas commerce of all nations, cowing them with their ruthless cruelty and exacting tribute for protection. Only Portugal had protested and resorted to war.

When the new nation across the seas began sending her richly-laden ships into the Mediterranean the Barbary pirates spread their nets to catch this sugar for their already heavily-battered bread.

For a while the Portuguese fleet had constricted these piracies into the confines of the Mediterranean Sea. But in 1793, England offered to undertake peace negotiations between Algiers and Portugal. The latter fell into a neat trap and, among other stipulations, agreed to cease protecting the ships of other nations from the depredations of the Barbary pirates.

Immediately the fleets of Algiers and Tunis joined forces, bounded past Gibraltar in full sail and spread out to track down the unwarned French and American merchantmen. By this devious method, England in one stroke checked the strengthening American marine commerce and cut off supplies to her enemy, France. Recognizing the English seasoning in this evil broth the Americans were not content to swallow it without protest. Independent action was demanded and David Humphreys was dis-

patched to Algiers, only to receive the Dey's sneering answer:

"If I were to make peace with everybody, what should I do with my corsairs? What should I do with my soldiers? They would take off my head for the want of other prizes, not being able to live on their miserable allowance!"

Defeated, Humphreys reported that force was the only argument understood by the Algerians and he recommended immediate construction of an American Navy. Accordingly, Washington's message at the opening of Congress in December, 1793, contained these significant words:

"There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

In January, 1794, Congress took up the study of our naval needs despite pacifist protests that a navy would invite war on the weak new country and that the payment of tribute and ransom was safer. Congress compromised by appropriating \$1,000,000 tribute money, \$572,000 for fortifications, arms and supplies, and \$700,000 for six new frigates, the construction of the latter to cease if the million dollar peace was concluded. The keels of the six frigates were laid in ship yards at Baltimore, Boston, New York, Norfolk, Philadelphia and Portsmouth (New Hampshire.)

Meanwhile the Algerians had captured ten more American ships to add to the two impounded in 1785. The cargoes were confiscated and the seamen enslaved. The sum of \$40,000 appropriated as ransom by a previous Congress was scornfully rejected as were the pleas of the Mathurin Monks and others. The barbarians were holding out for bigger stakes.

Backed by the new appropriation measure, Donaldson, the United States consul at Tunis and Tripoli, was forced at length on November 28, 1795, to agree to pay an exorbitant ransom for the American captives, plus \$800,000 cash, plus a \$100,000

frigate (the *Crescent* actually valued at \$300,000 sailed from Portsmouth on January 20, 1798, to fulfill this promise), plus an annual tribute of \$25,000. Construction on our Navy frigates was halted.

For several months peace reigned but when Congress passed an appropriation measure to finance the provisions of John Jay's commerce and sovereignty treaty with Great Britain, France took it as a national affront. She broke her alliance with the United States, French cruisers captured American merchantmen. American political factions were at logger-heads, the Democrats being pro-French, the Federalists, pro-British. When Adams defeated the Democratic Jefferson, France formally decreed on May 10, 1797, her right to seize American ships and to hang as pirates any American seamen discovered on captured British ships. The United States attempted diplomatically to check the imminent war, simultaneously providing for a militia of 80,000 and a small Navy. Work was resumed on the frigates already started in 1794.

On July 10, 1797, the Frigate *United States*, commanded by Captain John Barry, slid down the ways at Philadelphia, the first frigate of the United States Navy. The Frigate *Constellation*, built by David Stodert and commanded by Captain Thomas Truxtun, was launched at Baltimore on September 7, 1797, and the *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," hit the water at Boston two weeks later on September 20.

Meanwhile, the members of our peace commission were having exasperating experiences. They never were received officially; instead, they met with ridicule and contempt, the French demanding \$240,000 in cash and the purchase of confiscated bonds, at which our minister to France, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, exploded with his famous

"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

The French partisans in the United States gradually decreased although the die-hards characteristically cried "pacifism" and urged payment rather than war.

Presidential messages to Congress on November 23, 1797, and on March 19, 1798, recited the increasing indignities suf-

fered at the hands of the French and popular sentiment began to coalesce into a national resentment. The army was strengthened, forts and harbors fortified, the Navy Department established and more ships authorized. General Washington prepared to lead the army in case of a French invasion.

On May 28, 1798, American fighting ships were ordered to patrol the coast to capture any French vessels found molesting our peaceful commercial ships. The *Constellation* had just been placed in active duty on April 9, the first of the frigates to have this distinction and the first to put to sea, June, 1798. The trouble continued and on July 7, Congress cancelled the existing treaties with France; on the 9th, declared all French cruisers subject to seizure; and on the 11th, authorized the Marine Corps and raised the naval strength to thirty cruisers.

The first cruise of the *Constellation* extended to Florida and back but was uneventful.

On August 10, accompanied by the *Baltimore*, she sailed to the rescue of a fleet of American merchantmen blocked in Havana by the French. The two watch-dogs held the enemy at bay while the 60 ships bearing cargoes totalling a million dollars slipped past the blockade and began their treacherous three-weeks journey home. The frigates were forced to defend their charges over much of the way but all arrived safely. Captain Truxtun had the *Constellation* checked over in Hampton Roads and then embarked for the West Indies.

During the ensuing months American commerce on the seas continued to suffer depredations from both French and British. Navy construction was rushed and four squadrons were assigned to the West Indian patrol.

Of these, the Frigate *Constellation*, under Commodore Thomas Truxtun, was the only one which engaged in any major battles. After minor conflicts with several small antagonists, on February 9, 1799, near Nevis in the Leeward Islands, 220 miles southeast of Porto Rico, the *Constellation* (then bearing 40 guns and 309 men) challenged the notorious 40-gun French Frigate *L'Insurgente* commanded by Captain Barreaut.

After a furious engagement lasting only an hour and a quarter *L'Insurgente*, although larger and manned by 100 more men than her American adversary, found herself battered into helplessness and with a casualty list of 70.

Twice the *Constellation* had maneuvered into a raking position across *L'Insurgente's* bow, her full length blocking the course of the Frenchman, while her guns blasted a broadside straight down the enemy's deck, the cannon balls creating terrific havoc with guns, rigging and men in their hot, racing paths. When the American was about to rake for the third time *L'Insurgente's* master struck her colors, the signal of surrender.

The *Constellation's* only casualties were two killed and three wounded. Parenthetically, the records show that one man became terrified at the savagery of the battle and deserted his post, whereupon the third Lieutenant promptly shot the frightened wretch dead. Three days after the battle, *L'Insurgente* staggered into Saint Kitt's in charge of a small prize crew under Lieutenant John Rodgers.

This astonishing victory caught the imagination of the entire world because of the well-known stoutness of *L'Insurgente* and the fame of her skillful captain. The greatest compliment to Captain Truxtun and the gallant little *Constellation* is contained in Captain Barreaut's official report to his government. He described his captor as "a frigate of double my strength" and declared that he had surrendered "to very superior forces."

A popular song of the day ran thus:

"On board the *Constellation* from Baltimore we
came;
We had a bold commander and Truxtun was his
name;
Our ship she mounted forty guns,
And on the main so swiftly runs,
To prove to France Columbia's sons
Are brave Yankee boys."

She was dubbed the "Yankee Racehorse" and the American Navy suddenly rose in respect both at home and abroad.

The *Constellation* required overhauling after this experience and was ordered to Baltimore. In a few weeks, however, she was back in the Leeward Islands.

There, on February 1, 1800, nearly a year after the capture of *L'Insurgente*,

Truxtun met up with another ship which he failed to recognize as *La Vengeance*, the 54-gun French frigate that had been molesting trade in those waters. The *Constellation* gave a friendly salute which was ignored. The ship slipped off with suspicious haste and the *Constellation* immediately started in pursuit. Fifteen hours later, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the Yankee Racehorse caught up with her prey only to find a formidable French frigate almost twice her strength. The Frenchman opened fire and for five hours the two ships blasted and ripped into each other at close range. Tradition has it that twice the Frenchman struck her colors but the night and the battle obliterated the signal; Truxtun fought on unaware of victory. At 1 o'clock in the morning Commodore Truxtun lost sight of his adversary and assumed that she had sunk. The *Constellation* emerged from that night's work in bad shape, her rigging shattered and with 14 men killed and 25 wounded. Four days later, *La Vengeance* reeled into Curaçao with 160 casualties of her 400 personnel, exaggerating officially that she had battled the *Constellation*, a frigate of the United States, of 60 cannon and having 500 men as a crew." Truxtun, limping into Jamaica, was amazed to learn that he had vanquished *La Vengeance* and, what was still more astonishing, that she was still afloat.

This second victory of the *Constellation* over a superior ship won still more applause from all over the world. The American Navy was firmly established. Minor skirmishes took place occasionally during the spring and summer but peace finally was concluded on September 30, 1800. Congress reduced the Navy to a skeleton but, fortunately, the *Constellation* survived.

The Barbary pirates instantly seized upon this opportunity and the prosperous American commerce came to an abrupt end. President Jefferson, incensed at their depredations, secretly dispatched a small squadron to the Mediterranean. In May, 1801, Tripoli declared war and American war vessels surprisingly replied by chasing Tripolitan pirates off the trade routes in the Mediterranean and blockading Tripoli itself.

On July 22, 1802, the *Constellation*

charged into a fleet of 17 gunboats found sailing close to the Mediterranean shore and undertook a 30 minute engagement with 9 of them destroying 2 and killing the general and 12 men of a cavalry troop that had fired on her from the land. Later she captured a small Tripolitan zebec. She took turns on the blockade preventing supplies from reaching Tripoli. When the war ended, the American had subdued the pirates in a manner unequalled by any other power.

In August, 1805, the *Constellation* was ordered to Washington where, during the next 7 years, she was rebuilt and rested from her service in our two naval wars with France and with the Barbary States.

During this period the British impressment of American seamen grew more and more unbearable. Nearly 6000 cases were protested to England. The *Constellation* was the only ship in the United States Navy that had actually participated in battle with a major naval power, that of France, but the time was approaching when all the frigates must undergo fire. Accordingly, in 1812, swift conditioning began in all available yards along the coast.

The *Constellation*, too, was made ready for action and soon sailed down the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay to Hampton Roads which she reached in January, 1813. There she stayed until the end of the War of 1812 blockaded by a British squadron whose primary object was her capture. The English feared that if this cunning and speedy frigate should once get loose she would create havoc among their men-of-war. They even tried several ruses to come into Hampton Roads to destroy her. On one of these occasions the plucky little ship, caught at bay, charged into her attackers, sank 3 British vessels, captured 43 men and killed or wounded 90 more.

Steam was introduced into the Navy at this time but it had little influence on the *Constellation* which had only just begun her long career.

As soon as this war closed, another, the second war with the Barbary States, began, and again the *Constellation* was sent to the Mediterranean. From that time on we find her plying her trade of watch-dog on the Atlantic and the Pacific; in the Mediter-

ranean; in South American, European and African waters; in the Gulf with Farragut during the Civil War; wherever trouble was brewing her slick, trim lines and white canvas hoopskirts concealed a deadly Yankee menace.

After the Civil War, the 68 year old frigate was relieved from such strenuous duties. A short "hitch" of 5 years as receiving ship in Norfolk and in Philadelphia was followed by 44 years of faithful service training our midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. In 1914, she was moved to Newport where, except for one or two trips, she has been stationed ever since. One of these more recent voyages was her attendance at the centenary celebration of the Star-spangled Banner in Baltimore in 1914.

An interesting inventory of the Navy in 1894 discloses that the *Constitution*, despite her having been rebuilt several times, was listed as unfit for service, having been out of commission for 13 years (1881). The *Constellation*, however, was still active on a keel that had been laid a century before. What those officials did not know then was that she was still good for nearly 40 more years active service, the longest career in the Navy, a half-century longer than the *Constitution's* record.

They are sentimental people, those Baltimoreans who want to bring the retired *Constellation* back to a well-earned rest at her birthplace. They say that the little old lady is uneasy among the stream-lined yachts and racing cruisers of Newport; that she is no end jealous of the *Constitution*, comfortably established for the rest of her days in her home port, Boston. They say that she creaks and groans with longing to be back in the Patapsco where she grew up; that she needs the loving touch of the descendants of those old shipwrights who built her, the caulkers who patched up her scars and seams, the officers and men who manned her. They say that she wants to come home to Fort McHenry and spend the rest of her days under those same guns that defended Francis Scott Key's "Star-spangled Banner" "till the dawn's early light."

She is asking the Congress which she perpetuated for \$50,000 for a one-way ticket home. Will she get it?

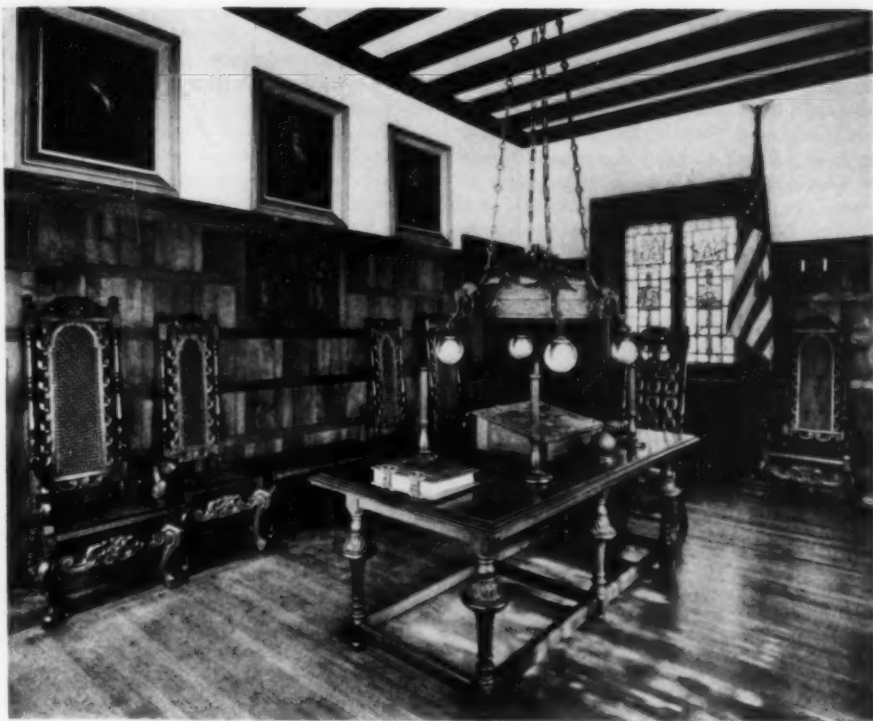
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THE NEW JERSEY ROOM AT MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL

Sheathed With a Ship

ELIZABETH C. FRIES

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL contains many state rooms which cause their beholders to thrill with patriotic fervor. But the New Jersey room is unique; it is lined with the timbers of an enemy ship that was sunk in an historic battle and lay for over a century at the bottom of the deep.

Tales of golden treasure lured men to bring this once proud *Augusta* to the surface after she had lain in a channel as a menace to navigation. Disappointment caused them to leave her where she lay, beached on a small island, where her gaunt ribs stuck up at low tide, an eyesore to the mariners. Finally the Daughters of the American Revolution decided to use her as a trophy of the war, a memorial to the

bravery and daring of their forefathers. Her timbers had to be dried out for a year. With the mud and sand that are filtered into the pores, the timbers were semi-petrified. But from these timbers were fashioned the panelling and furniture of a stately room, modeled after an ancient English chamber of the Jacobean period. This hardened oak lent itself to the beautifully carved furniture that fills the room and that, with the panelling, was left just as it was recovered, without filling or color, a lovely semi-bronze. Thus does New Jersey honor the memory of her first defenders, and pay tribute to them!

How the *Augusta* came to her watery grave is a dramatic story long forgotten

in the welter of more decisive warfare. All students of history are familiar with the story of General Howe's occupation of Philadelphia during the Revolutionary War, but few know how near that came to being a besieged city as was Boston, with the Colonists occupying the heights above at Valley Forge and preventing food from reaching this army within. Though the British Navy dominated the sea, neither troops nor supplies could come up the broad Delaware River, because of an obstruction or "Chevaux de frise" below the city.

Benjamin Franklin, before he went to France to plead America's cause, foresaw that the British would try to seize Philadelphia and would naturally come by water. He therefore helped to plan its protection. This naval stockade which was devised, consisted of poles 30 to 40 feet long stuck upright in the mud. At the top of each was a sharpened piece of iron for piercing the bottom of any vessel passing over. Great numbers of these were fastened together in such a way that they formed an impassable barrier. At least for some months they changed the course of the events in the war.

Now the general plan of the British was, of course, to divide the colonists and crush the separate parts. After Bunker Hill, the siege of Boston, they withdrew to Halifax, reformed, received reinforcements from England and decided to cut off New England from the rest of the colonists by sending an army down from Canada under Burgoyne to join with the other British army that would come up from New York. General Howe failed to cooperate in that plan, and went to Philadelphia instead, thereby leaving Burgoyne's army to be annihilated. His brother, Admiral Howe, transported his troops as near Philadelphia as was possible, which because of the obstruction in the Delaware was the head of Chesapeake Bay, forty miles distant.

Washington in a frantic effort to prevent this occupation gave battle to them at Brandywine, but Howe succeeded in reaching his goal. Again Washington battled them at Germantown but finally took up that dreary post above at Valley Forge where he could watch the surrounding country and cut off supplies. Soon Howe found he must clear the river for his ships or

abandon Philadelphia. He decided to run the risk of the "Chevaux de frise" and the commanding forts.

The forts, Fort Mifflin on the Pennsylvania side, and Fort Mercer at Red Bank, New Jersey, had long been without troops. When Washington learned of Howe's intention, he made desperate efforts to man these forts and put Colonel Greene with 400 militia at Mercer, a smaller command at Mifflin and Commodore Hazelwood with his fleet of galleys on the river. He said to Col. Christopher Greene, "The post to which you are now intrusted is of the utmost importance to America, and demands every exertion of which you are capable."

The forts were to be attacked from the land side while the ships ran the gauntlet. Fort Mercer was high ground at the back and sloped down to the water's edge. With the superior number of troops that were expected, Greene decided to plant his cannon at the low portion to face the high ground at the rear. He masked them with branches and filled the intervening space with felled trees.

The naval vessels, seven in number, came bravely up. They were the *Augusta*, one of the finest of the frigates in the British navy, mounting 64 guns, weighing 1381 tons; the *Merlin*, of 44 guns; the *Iris*; the *Roebeck*; the *Liverpool*; the *Pearl*; and the *Vigilance*.

At the same time they opened fire, the land forces of the British attacked with "A roll of drums calling to order, a rattle of snapping flints, the hurrying footfalls of men forming a line along the ramparts. Amid the clash of steel, a Hessian officer, bearing the flag of truce, followed by a drummer, halted close to the ramparts, and shouted, 'The King of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms. They are warned if they stand battle, no quarter will be given.'"

The Americans sent the reply, "We ask no quarter, nor will we give any."

The Hessians rushed pell-mell right to the mouths of the cannon where they were mowed down—six hundred and fifty fell and the rest fled in confusion.

Col. Greene then turned his attention to the ships. Their fire had caused little damage to Fort Mercer, whose men were down in front and out of the range of the ships'

fire. For the reason that the British Navy used cannon that could not be aimed, they fired point blank. The muskets of the Redcoats also were fired without aim, and their range was only about 50 yards while the long rifled barrels of the Americans could shoot over 100 yards and were in the hands of marksmen. This accounted for the great casualties among the British forces in that war. It also accounts for the Hessians, because Englishmen would not enlist to be slaughtered in America. America's naval guns were enlarged rifles capable of being aimed, and they were always aimed at the unprotected hulls of the enemy.

For this reason Washington dared send these galleys against the best of the British fleet. They played on the vessels with great havoc, sending them all down the river the first day, and running the *Augusta* and *Merlin* aground. They returned and the

following day, amid the incessant fire of both sides, the American guns blew up the *Merlin* and sent a "red hot shot" into the hull of the *Augusta*. Commodore Hazelwood secured vast quantities of naval stores from her before she sank. Though the *Augusta* was sunk and the *Merlin* blown to pieces, the others ran past the obstruction and later opened the river for Howe.

This engagement of American galleys against the king's best ships will ever remain unique in naval history, and though it seemed futile at the time, the glory that comes with all valiant effort, whatever its outcome, still seems to transfigure the room which is "Sheathed with a Ship."

Come with us to Memorial Continental Hall and see for yourselves the splendor which New Jersey, through her wise and patriotic action, shares with all her sister states!



ATTACK ON FORT MIFFLIN

From an old grant

Your Capital City—and Mine!

A Tour of the National Archives

HAZEL WHITAKER VANDENBERG

MANY people, I find, associate Archives with musty, old, semi-useless papers. I am afraid I was one of that number, for in my college fraternity days we spoke rather jestingly of the Archives stored in a tin box in the attic. But I have had a liberal education recently in Washington.

Vaguely I had often wondered what the government did with all of its records, but not until I went on a personally conducted tour with Mr. James D. Preston, the Assistant Administrative Secretary of the new Archives Building, and former head of the Senate Press Gallery, did I have any idea of the magnitude and value of the nation's documents.

Many people did begin to worry about preserving them, even as far back as the first Continental Congress in 1774, which took steps to preserve its records that today are to be found in four hundred ninety bound volumes. But from then on it was the old story of locking the barn after the horse was stolen. Fire, thieves, and time got in their dread work and much of value was lost. As historians began more and more to demand access to the records stored hither and yon, the idea of service to government officials and scholars grew, and would have culminated in 1913, but the legislation that had been enacted provided that before plans were drawn there should be an inspection of foreign Archives buildings. The outbreak of the World War prevented its execution at that time. Finally in 1926, upon President Coolidge's recommendation, the first appropriation was made. Ground was broken in 1931, the cornerstone laid by President Hoover in 1933, and the building though unfinished was occupied in 1935. When completed it will represent a cost of twelve million dollars.

Even though the United States is the last of the great nations to make adequate provision for the housing of its priceless documents, it has profited by the experiences of

these years. And behold, we have the most magnificent building of its kind in the world—impressive without and fairly breathtaking within. This government palace of Indiana limestone and Massachusetts granite occupies a city square on Constitution Avenue, from Seventh to Ninth Streets, and through to Pennsylvania Avenue.

Colonnades fifty-two feet high on each of the four facades, a portico 8 columns wide and four deep carry out the classic theme of the Capitol, the White House, the Treasury, and the Lincoln Memorial. Allegorical and symbolical sculptural decorations, all of which relate to the government, further enlarge on this theme—The Arts of Peace and War—The Romance of History—The Song of Achievement, to mention a few. The medallions and friezes portray the Senate, the House, and the ten major departments of our government. Four immense eagles twelve feet high face the four points of the compass from vantage points on the roof.

Lucky for us these bronze doors on Constitution Avenue are open, for they weigh six tons each and are the largest and heaviest ever constructed. In the marble floor of the foyer just inside this great doorway is a bronze circular inlay in low relief. Within it are four winged features significant of Legislation, Justice, History, War and Defense, subjects reflected in the documents preserved in the building.

Now step with me into the semi-circular exhibition hall where are displayed documents of particular interest to the public. You will be fairly dazed by the enormous panels on the walls. Barry Faulkner, the artist, has literally breathed patriotism into these murals which took two years to complete. Here's the Declaration of Independence to the left and the Constitution of the United States on the right before you. Thomas Jefferson and his Committee are so real that you feel like speaking to Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams,

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THE STATUE AT THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ENTRANCE TO THE ARCHIVES BUILDING, WHICH BEARS ON ITS BASE THE WORDS, "WHAT IS PAST IS PROLOGUE"

Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, as they present the Declaration of Independence to the presiding officer of the Continental Congress, John Hancock. Here is James Madison submitting the Constitution to George Washington at the Constitutional Convention. If you are good at

visualization, try to picture the size of these murals, each of which is over thirteen feet high and thirty-four feet long. There are twenty-eight individual figures in the Declaration group, and twenty-five in the Constitution, all life portrayals.

But where are the Archives, you are say-

ing!—Housed in a gigantic concrete vault containing 21 levels of stacks subdivided by fireproof walls and concrete floors into numerous smaller sections, all readily accessible, but each a sealed room into which only employees may enter, equipped with automatic electric fire alarm and burglar systems. The operation of each section requires a separate personnel headed by a trained chief who is absolutely responsible for his stack section.

Housed here is not just a collection of old documents having historical interest but the sum total of the documents, papers, and records made or received by any official or agency of the Federal Government for the last 160 years. This enormous collection, as you will well realize, constitutes the fundamental source of information concerning the history of the American people and their government.

And who shoulders this tremendous responsibility, you are wondering! Mr. R. W. D. Connor took over the administration of this building upon his appointment as Archivist of the United States in 1934 by President Roosevelt. Under his capable direction a complete and efficient staff has been organized divided into executive, professional, and administrative groups.

A National Archives Council passes upon what shall be transferred from the agencies of the government to the building. This group is composed of the Secretary of each of the Executive departments, the Chairman of both the Senate and House Library Committees, the Librarian of Congress, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, and the National Archivist. Another important executive body of which the Archivist serves as chairman is the National Historical Publications Commission whose members are the historical advisors of the State, War, and Navy Departments, Chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, and two members of the American Historical Association. This group decides what historical collections shall be chosen for publication, and the Archivist submits its recommendations to Congress.

When you realize that in addition to the stack sections there is a library which will house 40,000 reference volumes, you can

understand why the advice of experienced librarians is needed. In this section also is the projection room for the showing of the motion pictures which are a part of the records stored.

The working *theme* of the entire planning has been not only to *collect Archives* but to *make them accessible*. This fact has not been generally understood. Even government officials often ask whether records transferred to the Archives are thereafter available for use. It is the hope of the Archivist to make the National Archives one of the great research centers in American history and government for both Federal officials and scholars. As you go with me on this tour, you will see what a treasure-house of information is stored here for those interested in genealogy, so necessary for membership in your magnificent organization.

And now if you will be patient, I'll try to explain how these Federal Archives outside the District of Columbia have been located and made available for your use. It's a staggering thought and has taken super-human engineering. One of the first acts of the Archivist was to appoint a number of young men who were qualified for such work, to make a comprehensive survey of all records in the ten executive departments, the Capitol building, and fifty-three independent agencies. In a little less than two years the entire country was combed in this National Archives survey by selected investigators. Many of these were skilled employees who had spent years in firms that had become bankrupt, others were young collegians unable to find jobs. If figures mean anything to you, just ponder these—the number of Federal Archives unearthed outside the District of Columbia totaled 5,000,000 linear feet!

Every Federal project, even the CCC Camps, the Indian Reservations, the Light-houses, besides the Federal records in every State, were tracked down. In one year the Archives of more than 7000 local agencies and the Federal Courts were surveyed. In every possible case the connection of the series of documents was preserved, for to interpret one, the research worker must understand the circumstances under which it was drawn up.

Naturally, in all of this poking around into old cellars, storehouses and attics, many valuable documents were discovered. And likewise, many disgraceful storage conditions were revealed. Often, too, custodians resented being "discovered." All of which will result in "healthier" conditions for the future.

Right here may I digress to mention some of the especially interesting documents—Naturalization records, now much in demand because of the Social Security program, were found in debris dating back as far as 1845 and up to 1897—A manuscript of 1774 in Vicksburg, Mississippi, made by the Crown Surveyor at the direction of the British Governor—Records of Canadian vessels seized as prizes in the War of 1812, from the files of the District Court in Maine—A pile of relegated Customs Service rubbish revealed manifests of slaves shipped to New Orleans in 1837—One record from the Virgin Islands survey ought to be of special interest to devotees of Alexander Hamilton. This is a copy of the petition of John Lavien for divorce from Rachel Lavien, mother of Hamilton—From another forgotten pile, Brigham Young's correspondence came to light—The amnesty oaths and acceptances of presidential warrants and pardons, especially those in the South after the War, give valuable data on local history and genealogy—The Log book of the Confederate steamer, *Atlanta*, turned up in Boston—Papers dated 1883 in Atlanta, Georgia, on the admission of Woodrow Wilson to the practice of law have his original signature—A single document in the form of a claim is reported to have saved the government \$10,000. And so we could go on indefinitely!

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To facilitate accessibility, the Archives are for the most part arranged according to the Executive Departments of the Federal Government. So we will first take a hurried look into the State Department Archives where all of the official correspondence of our Diplomats and Statesmen, dating back to 1789 up to 1906, is on file. Also, all the correspondence of the Special Agents of the United States regarding boundary and claims commissions, arbitrations, passports, pardons, amnesty oaths, ceremonial letters—Here, too, you will find the announcement of Napoleon's marriage to the Austrian Arch Duchess, Marie Louise—And that of his return to the throne after his exile in Elba—Another bears the signature of Robespierre.

Other treasures are the Original Acts and Resolutions of Congress from the First to the Sixty-seventh Congress—The Constitutional Amendments from the "Bill of Rights" to the suffrage Amendments—The originals of all treaties up to 1906 to which the United States has been a party, even the Definitive Treaty of Peace with Great Britain in 1783, when our independence was established—The Treaty of Ghent—The Florida and Oregon Treaties—The Louisiana—The Gadsden and The Alaskan Purchases.

LET'S TAKE A BIT of a view at the Treasury Department Archives which contain records of real historical value among the "old loans" floated by the Treasury from 1790 to 1860—The accounts of the Continental Congress and of the Federation—The accounts of the Commissioners appointed to determine the site of the Federal Capital—Of the War Loans of the War of 1812 and of the Mexican War.

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ing!—Housed in a gigantic concrete vault containing 21 levels of stacks subdivided by fireproof walls and concrete floors into numerous smaller sections, all readily accessible, but each a sealed room into which only employees may enter, equipped with automatic electric fire alarm and burglar systems. The operation of each section requires a separate personnel headed by a trained chief who is absolutely responsible for his stack section.

Housed here is not just a collection of old documents having historical interest but the sum total of the documents, papers, and records made or received by any official or agency of the Federal Government for the last 160 years. This enormous collection, as you will well realize, constitutes the fundamental source of information concerning the history of the American people and their government.

And who shoulders this tremendous responsibility, you are wondering! Mr. R. W. D. Connor took over the administration of this building upon his appointment as Archivist of the United States in 1934 by President Roosevelt. Under his capable direction a complete and efficient staff has been organized divided into executive, professional, and administrative groups.

A National Archives Council passes upon what shall be transferred from the agencies of the government to the building. This group is composed of the Secretary of each of the Executive departments, the Chairman of both the Senate and House Library Committees, the Librarian of Congress, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, and the National Archivist. Another important executive body of which the Archivist serves as chairman is the National Historical Publications Commission whose members are the historical advisors of the State, War, and Navy Departments, Chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, and two members of the American Historical Association. This group decides what historical collections shall be chosen for publication, and the Archivist submits its recommendations to Congress.

When you realize that in addition to the stack sections there is a library which will house 40,000 reference volumes, you can

understand why the advice of experienced librarians is needed. In this section also is the projection room for the showing of the motion pictures which are a part of the records stored.

The working *theme* of the entire planning has been not only to *collect Archives* but to *make them accessible*. This fact has not been generally understood. Even government officials often ask whether records transferred to the Archives are thereafter available for use. It is the hope of the Archivist to make the National Archives one of the great research centers in American history and government for both Federal officials and scholars. As you go with me on this tour, you will see what a treasure-house of information is stored here for those interested in genealogy, so necessary for membership in your magnificent organization.

And now if you will be patient, I'll try to explain how these Federal Archives outside the District of Columbia have been located and made available for your use. It's a staggering thought and has taken super-human engineering. One of the first acts of the Archivist was to appoint a number of young men who were qualified for such work, to make a comprehensive survey of all records in the ten executive departments, the Capitol building, and fifty-three independent agencies. In a little less than two years the entire country was combed in this National Archives survey by selected investigators. Many of these were skilled employees who had spent years in firms that had become bankrupt, others were young collegians unable to find jobs. If figures mean anything to you, just ponder these—the number of Federal Archives unearthed outside the District of Columbia totaled 5,000,000 linear feet!

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THE EXHIBITION HALL

NOW INTO THE *War* Department Archives we go! This division has custody over all of the original records of both the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, and contains the most valuable collection of signatures in any one volume—Here, too, you will find the Oaths of Allegiance to the United States by the officers at Valley Forge, 1777 to

1778. Research workers will unearth a gold mine of information in the records from the office of Chief of Engineers, as well as from those of discontinued commands.

. . .

AND NOW FOR THE *Navy*! Here's the Ship Log of "Old Ironsides"—Seven volumes

of the U. S. S. Vincennes covering the Charles Wilke's Expedition from 1838 to 1842—In the records of the Naval Observatory and Nautical Almanac lies another story, the letters to Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas."

THE COMMERCE DEPARTMENT ARCHIVES contain a truly heterogeneous collection dealing with airplanes, lighthouses, seismograms, fishing ships! Your seal coat probably owes its existence to the fact that the Bureau of Fisheries protected the seals in the Pribilof Islands—The Alaskan Red Salmon in its familiar can was saved by the activities of the Bureau in the development of Salmon fishing—Wages, prices, and maritime conditions from 1852 to 1910 are revealed in the records of the old Lighthouse Board. Old steamship tragedies abound in these documents, but from these have been developed modern life-saving equipment, better boilers, and therefore safer sea travel—There was much red tape even in those days in connection with commercial ships of a certain size. Official documents were necessary proving the right of the ship to sail under the American Flag. These papers had to be renewed with each change of owner and every detail filed, the size, the tonnage, the trade, home port, etc.

THE VETERANS' ADMINISTRATION Archives have up to date been one of the most used collections though the Veterans' Bureau still retains all individual pension records connected with the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the World War. But those of all other wars are on file here, totaling the unbelievable number of 4½ million cards which the Veterans' Bureau finds particularly useful in answering certain types of historical inquiries. *Genealogists* are using them constantly. The Old Age Pension Bureau has found them exceedingly helpful in proving age and citizenship—military information to be used in proving eligibility for certain patriotic organizations is often requested from this department of the Archives—also, data needed in settling estates. Even at this infant stage of the Archives, approximately 70 calls a day are received and answered in this section.

PERSONS DESIRING to use any of the records are usually required to submit a letter of introduction. Groups wishing to view motion pictures or to hear sound recordings must be represented by an authorized spokesman. All research must be done in the building, for naturally the greatest care must be exercised in preserving these priceless records.

Now let's turn to a totally different side of this story, one which simply fascinated me. As would be expected, most of the records as they arrive are dusty, dirty, and often badly mutilated. All are placed in gas-filled vaults for three hours, a fumigation process which destroys everything in the insect line.

After much experimenting, it was found that the safest, cheapest, quickest method of removing dust and dirt from fragile records was by means of an air-blast, applied through a specially designed gun. A cleaning unit composed of two hooded tables and an air filter completes the process. The dust-laden air passes through ducts within the tables into the filter which removes the dust and returns the clean air to the room. Maybe this doesn't sound very clear to us old-fashioned housekeepers, but it is the very *last* word in book cleaning. Imagine this! Forty-five million documents and fifty thousand bound volumes were cleaned in 1937.

Now for the treatment of unbound records. To take out wrinkles and creases, the documents are placed in a vault, laid on stainless steel trays, and exposed for an hour to the action of air containing a large amount of water vapor. "Believe it or not", these papers are *flat* when they emerge, thus making it possible to store them in a horizontal position. If the sheets are in reasonably good condition, they are electrically ironed in regular mangles. But if fragile, each sheet is placed between sheets of white blotting paper and dried under heat. Then if the document is in need of repair, there follows still another process. The document is placed between two sheets of thin cellulose acetate foil which adheres to the paper on the application of heat and pressure by a hydraulic press weighing 19,000 pounds. This is the



THE CLEANING TABLES WHERE DUST AND DIRT ARE REMOVED

technical process called *lamination* which means, literally, "to stick one thing to another." Documents so treated are practically impervious to gases and alterations and may even be cleaned with soap and water. This relatively cheap process has taken years of research to evolve.

Then, too, the continued preservation of these repaired records presents still another problem because it requires such close control of the temperature, humidity, dust content, etc. These innumerable technical details have been worked out in the Archives' chemical laboratory by a scientifically trained corps.

Have you ever heard of microphotography? That's another lesson I tried to learn. It seems by using special films to correct and enlarge dim originals, the difference between an uncorrected and a corrected copy is made evident. Banks use this system entirely because these enlargements prove definitely that no man can sign his name twice in exactly the same

way. If a document is to be reproduced, it is dropped into a slot and a Recordak rotary equipment film does the rest. Any number can be reproduced, for example, over 2½ million cards were filmed for the Veterans' Administration card index. So you can readily see how microphotography saves space and therefore, money. For non-current records can be reproduced and stored in 5% of their original bulk. So it also saves time not only in consulting and using records but makes duplicates easily available. Even newspapers are now using this system to preserve their files which formerly crumbled with the years. Thus the film becomes an insurance policy against the loss of valuable records.

I hope your brain isn't as tired reading this story as my feet were when I finished the tour! Just the same it was the kind of education that was better than a course in college. By all means find time on your next trip to Washington to visit this superb creation of the Ages.

The Monroe Doctrine

IMOGEN B. EMERY, *National Chairman*

National Defense through Patriotic Education Committee

THE sun shines softly upon a shrine at Fredericksburg, Virginia—the Law Office of James Monroe. At its entrance is a bronze marker on which are enumerated his services to his country. Monroe, a Virginian, born in 1758 into a family steeped in Colonial troubles, joined Washington's army in 1776, while still a student at William and Mary. Bitter with disappointment over failure to secure advancement he felt due him, he little dreamed of the honors his country had to bestow. Upon the tablet appears this record:

JAMES MONROE practiced law in this building 1786-87 following his return from the American Revolution.
Member of Continental Congress, 1783-86.
Member of Virginia Assembly, 1787.
Member of the Convention to Ratify the Constitution, 1788.
United States Senator, 1790-94.
Minister to France, 1794.
Governor of State of Virginia, 1799-1802 and 1811.
Special Envoy to France to Negotiate the Louisiana Purchase, 1803.
Minister to England and Spain, 1804-6.
Secretary of State, 1811-13.
Secretary of War, 1814-15.
President of the United States, 1817-1825.
Promulgator of the Monroe Doctrine, 1823.

During his administration New World Independence and the destiny of the United States among the new American republics became recognized as the problem of the moment. The United States had asserted neutrality and the right to remain outside the political system of the Old World. The different European states held strategic positions, and it was difficult to maintain a policy of separation. To Monroe was given a deep understanding, due to wide experience. The United States had purchased the unknown West, annexed west Florida, crowding Europe back! Meanwhile South American colonies were fighting for independence from Europe. By 1822 their success was recognized, and Monroe sent a message to Congress stating the time for recognition had come. Adams, as Secretary of State, vigorously challenged the rights of any nation to soil upon the two Americas. Then came offers by England of cooperation against Spain. President Monroe consulted Jefferson and Madison, two ex-Presidents. Jefferson was greatly concerned, feeling it was the most momentous question since the Declaration of Independence. He and Madison were prepared to accept England's proposal, when Adams, learning of it, remonstrated with the President and the Cabinet and stood firmly against any guarantees to England. He pictured to them the alarming alternative in case the European allies subjugated Spanish America. It was time, Adams declared, for the United States to take its stand for isolation in this hemisphere; we should give utterance to the world on our doctrine, and as leader in the New World of a purely American civilization.

President Monroe's message to Congress on December 2, 1823, asserted:

"As a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

This was in truth a proclamation to the World that rivalry of the Old World nations in discovery, occupation and political control of the New World was at an end.

The message further stated:

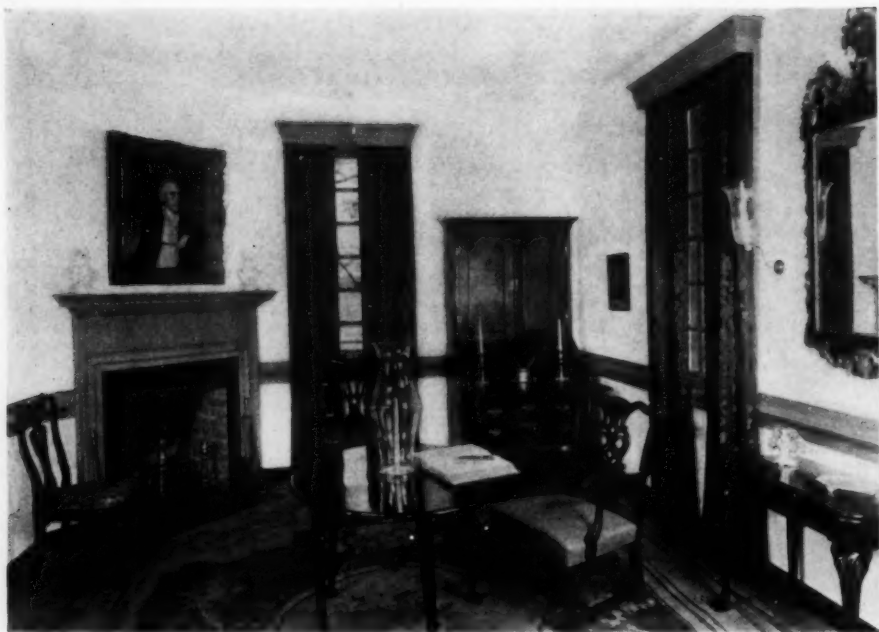
"It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America."

Herein is expressed the consciousness that there was a real American system in contrast to that of Europe.

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

To no one person can this proclamation be attributed, for it is the composite expression of the statesmen of that day, voiced through their President, James Monroe.

This classic utterance has preserved the New World from dominance by the Old, even until today when, by mutual agreement, the countries of the Western Hemisphere share in this responsibility. May she hold fast to the principles founded upon the Monroe Doctrine!



Courtesy, National Park Service

THE SURRENDER ROOM IN THE MOORE HOUSE AT YORKTOWN

The Surrender Room Comes to Life

MARY ALLISON GOODHUE

THE siege of Yorktown brought to a close the long and desperate struggle of the American Colonies to prove the independence which they had daringly declared at Philadelphia five years before. The last remnant of hope having fled from the mind of Lord Cornwallis, General of the British forces, he requested an armistice on October 17th, 1781.

The following day the Commissioners appointed to draw the Articles of Surrender met at the home of Mr. Augustine Moore, behind the lines, and all day and evening they worked over the terms which virtually closed the War for Independence. The formal Treaty of Peace was effected in 1783. The appointed Commissioners were Lieutenant Colonel Dundas and Major Ross for the British, Viscount Noailles for the French, and Lieutenant Colonel Laurens for the Americans.

When news of the capitulation of the British reached the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, the Assembly passed a resolution authorizing the erection of a suitable memorial at Yorktown, but a full century passed before the cornerstone of the monument was laid during the Yorktown Centennial Celebration in 1881.

For the preservation of the Moore House the public has, again, to thank Dr. William A. R. Goodwin, whose vision moved Mr. John D. Rockefeller to the restoration of Colonial Williamsburg. In 1934 the restoration of the Moore House was completed, but although intensely interesting in itself, it was only an empty memorial, lacking all those things which change a house into a home.

It was then that, upon visiting the Moore House, the possibility of refurbishing the room in which were composed and signed the terms of our freedom stirred the minds of the little group of members of our Society. One of them asked the Superintendent for an option on restoring the Surrender Room until the matter could be presented to the National Board four months later. Following a unanimous recommendation by that body and a unanimous resolution by the following Congress, work was begun. Today the room is completely furnished in authentic original furniture, the gift of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

One pervading purpose has been to avoid any appearance of a museum in that room, but rather, to recreate it as it might have been on its great

day—the parlor of a colonial home, a place where people lived, surrounded by things they loved.

On the floor is the wonderful Aubusson rug which Pennsylvania gave, and placed in the center of this is a mahogany Queen Anne table, the gift of North Carolina Daughters in honor of Mrs. William H. Belk, Vice President General. The fireplace displays a pair of handsome brass andirons, the gift of California, while a rare old brass and crossed-wire fender was given by the District of Columbia. A brass-handled shovel and matching pair of tongs presented by Illinois complete this setting. Pokers were not used in that period. Over the mantel hangs a very beautiful portrait of "Mr. Illingworth"—not historically connected with the room because such a portrait would be found only in a museum. "Mr. Illingworth" was painted prior to 1781 by an artist who painted the portraits of twenty-two sovereigns during his lifetime. It is the gift of Mrs. Frank Madison Dick, Vice President General, in honor of the present President General.

We have kept in mind the fact that prosperous colonists habitually imported things from England, France, Holland, and even China for their homes. Consultation was constantly sought with the best authorities available.

On the two ends of the mantel are a pair of exquisite old Chelsea rose jars, gifts of Ohio and Texas, and a colorful part of the recent dedication ceremony was the placing of rose petals from the bouquets of members of the National Board in these jars. Texas sent petals from its native flower, the "bluebonnet."

The window draperies of crimson silk damask, gift of Wisconsin, are not antique, since to purchase such would have been both impractical and beyond our means, but these are very handsome and are correct in design.

A rare old Virginia secretary of walnut with a soft, satiny patina and with a beautifully designed interior, was the gift of many individual chapters of our Society in honor of our Honorary President General, Mrs. William A. Becker. On this secretary are tall, graceful brass candlesticks given by Missouri, and a unique pewter inkwell with holes for quill pens, the gift of Rhode Island. This inkwell is much like several of those in the Capitol at Williamsburg.

A pair of fine American colonial mahogany chairs from the first distinctive collection of the eighteenth century furniture to go on the market in the United States is the gift of New York through Miss Edla S. Gibson, who presented them in memory of her mother. A handsome Chippendale armchair purchased by the states of Alabama, Arizona, Idaho, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Washington add an air of comfort to the room.

South Carolina presented the table hurricane shade in honor of Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent, and under it is a lovely 1770 sterling silver candlestick placed there by the states of Arkansas and Mississippi and the National Society, Children of the American Revolution.

A calf-bound Bible in four languages and a pair of spectacles with sliding rims, gifts of Massachusetts through Miss Mary Willard Perry, lend an atmosphere of religious feeling. Three rare paintings on glass grace the walls, one an original

Hogarth, gift of Connecticut, and a pair named "Peace" and "Plenty," the former presented by Shrewsbury Towne Chapter and the latter by Minnesota in memory of Mrs. James Morris, and by Maine and West Virginia.

Michigan and Indiana gave the pair of choice wall brackets with beautifully etched hurricane shades and these are placed at the sides of the handsome Chippendale mahogany-and-gilt mirror which was purchased with gifts from many chapters. Under the mirror is a Chippendale "loo" table of mahogany which closes to half its depth. On each corner, when opened, appears a circle in the wood, designed to hold a candlestick, and on each side is a depression to hold the "loos" or fish-shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl which served as counters. Joint gifts of individual chapters secured this. Kentucky gave a lovely Lowestoft bowl with Chinese decoration, or, as they are invariably labelled in the Metropolitan Museum, so-called "Chinese Lowestoft." That name, though commonly used, is not strictly correct.

A fine engraved sterling silver tray, the gift of Mrs. Ervin L. Roy of Illinois, and a colorful Bow figure, gift of Kansas, lend a decorative note. Upon the purchase of china or porcelain pieces was concentrated the only distress of the whole undertaking. The most notable and experienced collectors and dealers frequently disagree vehemently and unchangeably on antique porcelain and china because of the great difficulty of identifying the exact pottery and period and because of the exceedingly clever reproductions. All purchases were guaranteed by reputable dealers, but in the case of a difference of opinion, the Curator of the house naturally had the right to accept or reject.

Georgia, in honor of Mrs. John S. Adams, State Regent, and the States of Iowa and New Jersey, gave a three-tiered table or dumb-waiter on which is placed a beautiful old Worcester tea set. Of this, the tea pot was the gift of Colorado and the cream pitcher and sugar bowl the gift of Mrs. John E. Lane. The rest of the tea set, including tea cups without handles and the same sized coffee cups with handles, saucers and two tart plates, was the gift of China, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Montana, New Mexico, and Oklahoma.

The peculiarly significant gift of Virginia is mentioned last because it is the original low-boy that was in the Surrender Room on the great historic occasion which we have commemorated. This was purchased from a descendant of the Moore family. Its historic value to that room is paramount and that it should be placed there by the Daughters of Virginia gives a perfect touch to the ensemble.

As far as the writer could ascertain, this is the first historic shrine which the National Society, as a whole, has restored. How sublimely fitting that it should be Yorktown and the Surrender Room!

One can imagine the room peopled again, in the silence of the night, with the heroic souls who hallowed it. Perhaps the delicate perfume of the faded old rose leaves breathes an incense into the room. Perhaps the men whose sacrifice culminated in Yorktown may feel our presence and know that their daughters' Daughters have risen up and called them "blessed."



The Viking Cross

KAY HUNTLEY

Illustrations by Carolyn and Eleanor Browning

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

LEIF, the son of Eric the Red of the hall of Brattahlid in Greenland—also the discoverer of Greenland—emulates his father and also discovers a new land in the west, which he names Vineland.

On his return to Greenland, Leif saves a group of persons shipwrecked on a reef. Among them is Gudrid, the daughter of Thorbiorn Vifilsson, known as the fairest maiden in Greenland, her sister Sigrid, Sigrid's twin brother, Siegfred, and Harald, who was left orphaned by the wreck, and who lives thenceforth with Gudrid's father.

The tale is told by Gudrid's younger sister, Sigrid. She is lured into danger by an older man, known as The Hawk, and Gudrid saves her. Leif, who is in love with Gudrid, is led to believe by his half-sister Freydis, that it is Gudrid who has been meeting The Hawk—since Sigrid always disguised herself in Gudrid's blue mantle—and that Gudrid has betrayed Leif's love. Neither Eric the Red nor Leif's two brothers, Thorvald and Thorstein

are so deceived, for they understand Gudrid's true character better than Leif.

Both Thorvald and Thorstein wish to marry Gudrid, in order to protect her from the evil tale, and also because they are in love with her. Although Eric leaves the choice to Gudrid, she still declares she will accept the decision of her elders in the matter. Thorstein is selected, and at the betrothal feast Thorvald announces his intention to sail to the Vineland Leif has discovered to make further explorations.

Eric the Red dies, and Gudrid weds Thorstein, while the young sister, Sigrid, feeling she is to blame for changing Gudrid's destiny, worries herself into an illness from which she recovers gradually—to find that Gudrid is never without the sorrow-mist on her forehead.

Thorvald's boat returns to Greenland but without Thorvald, who has died in the Western Land and has been buried there. Thorstein desires to go to Vineland to bring his brother's body back to the churchyard at Brattahlid, in order that it may rest in consecrated ground. Gudrid departs with him on this mission . . .

IX

THE summer that Gudrid and Thorstein left for Vineland was a terrible one. Scarce had the dragon boat sailed, than the sky above Greenland darkened and the clouds drew close. The winds began moaning and keening through the air. And as dark day followed after dark day, the wind-sounds grew louder and more terrible, until my heart was filled with fear.

Some declared the Valkyrias¹ were riding, and the noise of the winds was the sound of their crying. When the hail whitened the fields, they said it was the breath from the nostrils of their steeds, and the heavy dew in the valleys the froth from their horses' lips.

The priest forbade the speaking of such things, but many continued to whisper old tales of the maidens, and twice I glimpsed their horses in the piled clouds—galloping, galloping. I was sore afraid for I knew that death lay always in the path of the riders.

At first the Greenland grass grew thick and lush, but the farmers shook their heads and were mournful at the sight. And they were right; soon it sickened and yellowed for lack of sun and warmth. Again and again it was broken and flattened by the hail, and the harvest was scant. While the barley over which our father had ever been so hopeful was less than nothing.

All during the summer, often in the driving rain, we gathered moss and the men hauled home loads of seaweed, and stripped the bark from the trees for the winter forage, though such destruction was unwise for the future. Every leaf from the birches and willows was saved and dried slowly in the shadow, and we dried fish in quantities. The seaweed, too, must be soaked in fresh water to remove much of the salt. Yet we knew that for aught we could prepare against it, many cattle and sheep must starve the coming winter.

Only one harvest was plentiful, and that was the driftwood. On the shores every spring, after the breaking up of the ice barrier, great trees were cast, coming, our father thought, from Norway, for there were pines and firs among them like to the

house timbers which the trading ships brought. On these gifts of the sea we must depend always for our winter fires, for in Greenland wood is scant and the trees small. Every spring some boat wreckage might be found on the shores also, and this, too, was carefully saved for burning, or for whatsoever use to which it might be put. This summer both driftwood and wreckage continued even past the hay harvest, and the wreckage was far more plentiful than usual. This year, too, no trading boat was able to reach our shores.

I turned aside whenever I saw boat planks or broken oars in the cart loads of wood coming up the pathway along the fjord, yet not before the thought had sprung unbidden that perchance Gudrid's feet had tread upon one of these very planks, or that her blue cloak had not long since brushed against the oar, now useless and broken, brought for fuel to Stoakkaness.

Again and again I reminded myself that thrice had the voyage been made to Vineland and thrice had the boat returned safely. And surely Thorstein was as good a navigator as Bjarni Herjulfson, as Leif, or Thorvald. Even Thorvald's men had succeeded in returning to Greenland without their leader. Thorstein, too, was a son of Eric the Red, and no better navigator than Eric had been known even to the tellers of tales.

I toiled long and hard so as to give myself no time for thinking, and as I worked at one task I planned how I should manage the next, so that every task was done twice, once in my mind and once with my hands.

I made cheese, set the milk aside in the great tubs to sour. I prepared the beds and washed at the fjord in the pouring rain. In the rain or under heavy clouds I gathered herbs, and when there was time, Siegfred and Harald went with me. Not a berry escaped our eyes, first the strawberries, then the blueberries, and last of all the crowberries. I dried the first two in the sun, and of the latter I made a drink, not as good as ale, but it must serve for the winter. For from the beginning of the storms we felt certain no trader would reach Greenland.

There was meat to be cured, fish to be dried, for the storehouse must be filled. And always there was the carding, spin-

¹ The maids of Odin who choose those who shall dwell in Valhalla.

ning, weaving. These were the most difficult tasks for me, for in their doing thoughts of Gudrid were brought close despite all I could do to prevent them. Harald and Siegfred tried to help me, but they were clumsy and I pushed them impatiently aside. Siegfred frowned but Harald took it good humoredly enough.

At the end of the hay harvesting our father came in from turving the meagre store, and laid him down on his bed with a groan. After that single groan, he gave no further sign of suffering.

From that bed he never rose, and though often his forehead was wet with the pain-dew, he did not complain, and tried in all ways to make it as easy as possible for us. But each day I saw that he was a little weaker, and never did I find him sleeping when I drew close to his side.

Siegfred and Harald took turns at the watching in the night-time, and bade me seek some rest. Yet ever and again I, too, would rise and go by his bed and look at him. His eyes tried to smile at me long after his lips refused to obey his will.

One night Harald whose turn it was to watch, noted a change, and he called Siegfred and me to come quickly to our father. We fell on our knees and wept when we saw him, but Harald bent toward his lips and received his last word.

"Take Sigrid and Siegfred to Leif," he said. Then he whispered Gudrid's name, and Siegfred and I were alone at Stoakkaness. Yet not alone, for Harald was with us.

He it was who rode to Brattahlid in the morning, and Leif came quickly. He held our father's burial-ale at Brattahlid, and despite the lowness of the stores and the winter before us, Leif did not stint the feasting, even though the beakers must be watered, and the bottom of the last ale-cask brought to light.

Harald carved me a little cross such as Gudrid wore—the same as that which rested above Thorvald's grave at Crossness in the New Land, and this I folded in our father's hands as he lay in the hall at Brattahlid.

Over our father I wept sore, thinking that both he and our sister had gone from us in the same summer. Siegfred wept beside

me, his arm about me. Harald comforted us both as best he could, and we were glad of his strength.

Then for his burial our father was sewn in frieze cloth,² which Gudrid and I had woven, and he was put in the consecrated ground of the churchyard close by his friend, Eric the Red.

While this was being done I thought again of Gudrid and wondered if she, who had been so great a Christian, were dead and lying somewhere in unconsecrated ground, or perhaps being tossed hither and thither by the waves of the sea.

"White Christ," I whispered, "Let not these things be so."

And I felt comforted in my heart, even as I had felt comforted when I had scattered poppies in the fjord as an offering for the spirit of Eric the Red.

I decided then that if Gudrid never returned to Greenland, I would have Harald carve me a little stick with runes on it, and have the stick buried in the churchyard at Brattahlid. Then Gudrid's spirit, if indeed she were dead, might cease its wandering and find a place prepared where it could rest.

Yet I dared not mention such a thing to Siegfred, for over and over he declared, "Gudrid is safe, Sigrid. Fear not, she is safe. . . ."

While he spoke my fears were banished, but when I was alone they would return. Perhaps this was because I was not so busied at Brattahlid as I had been at Stoakkaness, for Leif's mother still thought of me as a child, and brushed me aside when I proffered my help.

Then, too, she was ever concerned with thoughts of her devotions, and spent much time at the church. For now that Eric was gone there was naught to hinder her bent, and she and the priest planned much together.

Leif tried to be kind in all ways. He sent for my wool and my loom. He entrusted various important tasks to my brother and Harald. Then he seemed to forget us altogether. For his cares pressed heavy upon him. Then for want to fill my

² Few people in Greenland were buried in coffins. Even the bishop of Gardar at a later date was buried without a coffin.

thoughts I found myself watching Leif and weighing all things about him as of old I had watched and thought long concerning Eric the Red.

To Leif men came daily with their disputes, and he needs must advise as to their settlement. He was lawspeaker, too, for the Allthing. And our father had told how from the first he opened this with Christian rites, and not as Eric had done, in a pagan manner. Over the horn he made the sign of the cross before drinking, and not the hammer of Thor. And as most of the men of importance at least, had turned toward the White Christ, or claimed to have so done, none objected. Though some spoke privately that summer and said that the storms were upon us, and that the time of famine for the flocks and herds was coming because the old gods were angered. Nevertheless naught was done to break the peace of the Allthing.

There was one duty which Leif was not called upon to perform that summer, and that was the assembling of goods for the trading ships, and the dividing of the profits fairly among the Greenlanders. When it was certain that no ship would reach Greenland, Leif ordered that those who had aught of anything more than they needed to survive with their herds and flocks the coming winter, should bring it to a storehouse at Brattahlid, and exchange it there for that which they lacked. And had this not been done the winter would have been far more difficult than it was. For of the surplus of Brattahlid and Stoakaness, Leif added liberally to the storehouse, and to those who had naught to render in return he gave freely.

I heard him sigh often that autumn, for now he realized that the high seat had brought with it great responsibilities. A fairness which was not in him before seemed to come into being. He was more lenient that year than he had formerly been with those Greenlanders who clung to the old ways and the old gods, though such doings pleased him not. In that he was as Eric had been in his time toward the new ways and the White Christ.

One thing Leif lacked, and that was the foresight which had been Eric's. This kept him from doing as wisely as Eric the Red.

For sometimes his decisions seemed to depend more on the happenings of the past than on the merits of the matter before him. Often it seemed to me that his justice whittled light when it should have cut clean.

Leif tried mightily, however, and won great respect, and if that respect did not have in it the love which had been given Eric, that was not Leif's fault entirely. He had lost the name he had won, for none referred to him as Leif the Lucky, nor spoke of him, as they had of Eric, as the holder of the luck.

That year the sheep and cattle were kept out later than was usual, so that they might seek the last blade between the stones on the fells, before being taken to the winter shelters. Just before the winter closed upon us they were driven down to Brattahlid, and I drew close to Leif as he stood that day by the gateway of the tun, and the creatures, lean and hungry passed by on their way to the fold or the byre. Even now some were so weak that they stumbled, and their cries were unceasing.

I marked how the sadness on Leif's face deepened as he watched, and his shoulders sagged as though a burden there were increasing. For he knew now that his inheritance demanded even more than it gave, and his joy in goods and property was tempered by their care. Something that had never been in Leif's nature was growing, something which Eric the Red had known full well.

After the sheep and the cattle and their drivers there hobbled an old man, Thorhall the Huntsman, whom we all knew as worthless and lazy, one who spent too much time at the ale barrel. He was moreover a pagan and boasted openly of it. In his youth he had been of great stature and quarrelsome, and people were afraid of him, so that as he grew older he had few friends. However, he had been among those who had sailed to Vineland with Thorvald, for it was known that he excelled in procuring food from the wildest places, and in spite of his age, could be depended on in the hunt. When Leif saw him stumbling past, he stepped forth and called, and asked if he had an abode for the winter.

"Nay, neither abode nor hope of one," muttered the hunter angrily.

"Then accept Brattahlid as your home until spring," urged Leif.

"Eric would have said that, but I thought not to expect it of Eric's son," answered Thorhall.

Leif was angered at the words, and the man seemed pleased at the anger and said, "In temper at least you resemble Eric."

Then, before Leif had recovered from his surprise, he added, "Know you not that when I speak I am wont to boast of Thor the Red Beard."

Then to my surprise Leif laughed, the first laugh I had heard that autumn, and he answered, "Aye, but I understand you speak not often when the ale horn is empty."

Thorhall looked long at Leif. Then he unfolded his ragged coat and in his arms, wrapped in his long white beard lay a lamb, little and sickly and like to die. "Would you take in a thief?" he asked, "For this lamb is of your fold."

"I take it a kindness in that you would save its life," answered Leif without hesitation. And indeed the small creature was pitiful to look upon, and should have been killed.

Thorhall bent and wrapped up the lamb carefully once more, and with it under his rags, went in to the hall.

Thus Thorhall the Hunter came to Brattahlid for the stock-famine winter. Leif's mother was annoyed, but must accept the unwanted one.

To the surprise of all of us Thorhall and Leif became close friends, though flaming often with anger one at the other. Of Thorhall it was said later that he talked more without the aid of ale in that one winter than he had during his whole lifetime. I am certain there was somewhat about Thorhall which reminded Leif of Tyrker, and because of his old love for that little pagan, he joyed in this giant of a man, who tormented him quite as much as he sought to please him.

Again and again some gibe of Thorhall's would cause Leif's temper to spring up, and once he threw his knife at Thorhall. It caught in the ragged cloak and Thorhall drew it out, and threw it back at Leif with an oath, for which Leif did not reprove

him, though he looked with surprise at the knife as it stood upright and quivering in the table before him, the point sunk deep in the wood.

For a long time Leif and the other men urged Thorhall to tell them of the trip with Thorvald to Vineland the Good, and of what had happened there. Always Thorhall refused with a snarl. It was only toward spring when the food for the stock grew less and less and Leif's cares increasingly great that the giant began to speak of the land.

Then, when Leif would come in tired and worn from aiding with the sick and dying sheep, or cattle, or from the sickbed or burial of a Greenlander, Thorhall would surprise us all by starting to speak of Vineland.

Leif would lean back in his chair to listen, and it seemed as though the rough voice of Thorhall soothed him and lifted some of his burden. But as soon as some one broke in with a question, or Thorhall saw that the interest in the hall was great in his recital, he would cease speaking. And naught could persuade him to continue.

In this fashion did we learn bit by bit of the trip to Vineland with Thorvald. I have put the pieces together as a whole so that the picture may be clear, though it was many nights before we learned from Thorhall the Hunter, the tale I am giving.

"When we set out for Vineland the Good with Thorvald there were thirty of us on the ship, besides the son of Eric. The weather being good we had no great difficulty on the journey, but arrived by the path which Leif had taken, and came to Vineland. There we found the house which Leif had built, and in it we remained during the winter. For food we supplied ourselves with fish, for I had a difficulty in my side which kept me from hunting.

"But in the spring Thorvald ordered us to put the ship in order and went forth with some of the men in the afterboat to sail along the coast to the west and explore.

"I was among those in the afterboat and we found the region a fair well-wooded country. The trees were standing but a short distance from the sea. And the land

along the sea was covered with white sands. There were many islands and shallows but we found neither dwelling of man nor lair of beast. Yet men must abide in the land where we went, for on one of the islands we did find a curious building filled with grain, and each kernel was great in size, bright and shining like gold.⁵ Other than that, we saw naught of importance and we arrived back at Leif's house in the fall.

"We passed a second winter there, and this time we had food in abundance, for I had learned the knack of hunting in that land, and brought in much from the forest, though often I wandered far in order to send an arrow through a fox or a hare. Once I found a bear that was as black as the bears here are white, though the meat was not much different in taste. And there was a young deer which we prized highly.

"The following summer some of the men and Thorvald set out in the northern direction, in order to explore the coast there. Because of my hunting and because, too, I can always find my way, no matter how hidden the path, or how thick the clouds over the sky, I went with the exploring party that summer also. The others remained at the house which Leif had built.

"Off a certain ness⁶ the winds were so strong that we were driven ashore in our boat, and the keel was badly damaged. So we remained there a long time to repair the damage. When at last we had a new keel, Thorvald ordered us to raise the old one. And we set it up on the cape, so that it could be seen from the sea. Then Thorvald named the place Keelness.

"From Keelness we sailed eastward and came to a headland entirely covered with trees. We found an anchorage for our boat, and put out the gangway to the land and all of us went ashore.

"'It is a fair region here,' declared Thorvald, 'and here I should like to make my home forever.'

"We started to return to the ship, and on the sands we saw what seemed to be three small hillocks. We had not seen these before, and we went up to them and found

that they were three canoes, and hidden under each canoe were three men, with red skins.

"Thorvald divided our party, and we seized all but one of these red-men, but that one escaped. Then we killed the eight we had captured. We went inland to see whether there were more of these men about, and at last from a distance we saw certain hillocks⁷ which we thought must be where they dwelt.

"By this time we were exhausted, and felt that we must sleep. So we lay down and fell into heavy slumber, and woke to the sound of a terrible cry such as men make in battle. From the sound of the cry we knew we were in great danger. Thorvald said that we must board our ship and sail away with all speed from that place.

"Before we reached the shore, however, we saw skin canoes coming from the inner part of the firth and there were so many of them that they could not be counted.

"Then Thorvald cried, 'Board the ship and put the warboards⁸ on both sides. For we must defend ourselves the best we may, but we ourselves shall not attack, for these are too many for us.'

"We leaped into the water, and held our shields against the arrows, until we boarded the ship. Then we set up the shields along the sides and we fought mightily, each man sending arrows forth in a cloud from the narrow spaces between the shields. And though the red men were too many to be counted, they had no battle shelterers such as ours, and at last when the sea was reddened with their blood and the air was loud with their death cries, those who were left turned their canoes about, and departed in all haste from that place.

"Then Thorvald asked whether any among us had been wounded, but not one of us had received a wound. I noticed that Thorvald himself stood white and pale, and I questioned, 'Hast the rain of the bows⁹ fallen upon thee?'

"He answered 'Aye.' He lifted his arm, and in the pit we saw an arrow buried deep. As I was the strongest I drew it out and

⁵ Maize, unknown to Europe or Europeans.

⁶ Cape or headland.

⁸ Wigwags?

⁹ Shields.

⁷ Arrows.



the blood leaped like a salmon in the fjord in the spring.

"This will bring me to my end," declared Thorvald. "It is my counsel, therefore, that you take my body to this headland, which seemed to me so pleasant. In this way the truth which sprang to my lips when I saw it may be fulfilled."

"We looked at each other and remembered that he had said of the place, 'It is a fair region here, and here I should like to make my home forever.'"

"We carried Thorvald back to the ness and he pictured with his finger a cross in the sand and said, 'Aye, bury me here. Make a cross like this at my head and a smaller one at my feet. And call this place Crossness forever after. When this that I ask be finished, retrace your way to the boat and sail back to the others as speedily as may be.'"

"We were astonished at the order to set up the crosses, for we had not known before that Thorvald was a Christian. The

following day he died, and we did as he had asked. Then we sailed back to Leif's house and joined the others, who told us of their experiences that summer.

"We remained there the third winter, and in the spring we loaded the ship and came speedily to Greenland. Now have I told Leif all of the things that happened to us in Vineland the Good."

So ended Thorhall the Hunter's tale of the New Land. The men sat leaning forward listening and hungering for more. For such talk was food which made them forget the difficulties of the winter. All eyes were upon Thorhall.

All save mine, but for some reason I felt my gaze drawn to the entrance of the passage way. There in the shadow stood a form which was familiar. Terror closed my throat for I thought it was Gudrid's spirit. A swarthy one, nearly as tall as Thorhall the Hunter, loomed in the darkness behind her, one whom I had never before seen.

Then my throat was suddenly opened and

I shrieked, and others looked where I pointed and started to their feet. For they, too, were terrified. It was too early for boats and they thought surely they looked upon the dead.

Leif rose from his seat and let out a mighty cry, such a one as I had never before heard him give, "Gudrid!" he cried, "Gudrid!"

Then I saw the figure at the entrance waver, and the swarthy one behind her swept her up as a mother does a child and brought her forward to a bench. Thorhall the Hunter spread a fur robe upon it, and helped the swarthy one place his burden there. And I knew then it was no wraith but my sister herself who had come back to Brattahlid.

X

"In God's name, who are you?" demanded Leif of the swarthy one.

"Thorstein," he answered deep in his throat. He spoke as one greatly wearied.

The men in the hall looked one at another—Thorstein!

"Whose son?" demanded Leif.

"At the Western Settlement men call me Thorstein the Swarthy."

"And Thorstein, my brother, where is he?" demanded Leif.

"The body of my namesake* lies in the ship at Ericksfirth. Many of his men lie there also. We are but come from Lysufirth and we brought them thence to be buried at the church. For so Thorstein desired before his death, and so Gudrid wished it."

The men could scarce believe that the journey from the Western Settlement had been made without mishap while the weather was still unmoderated and the ice barrier most dangerous.

But Thorstein the Swarthy told that as the ship moved southward on his voyage there were paths in the ice which opened with great noise before it and thus aided it on its way.

And when the next morning Leif and his men went to Ericksfirth where the ship lay, they found that Thorstein the Swarthy had spoken true.

* Meaning one with the same name.

The dead were brought and laid in peace in the churchyard under crosses. And, our father being dead also, Gudrid came to Brattahlid at Leif's insistence, and made her home there with Thorstein's kindred, while Leif took over the management of Stoakkness for her.

From the men who had sailed with Thorvald and Gudrid, and who had survived the plague, and from the lips of Thorstein the Swarthy did we learn of the suffering through which Gudrid had gone. But from Gudrid herself we heard nothing. For like a pale wraith she moved about the hall of Brattahlid. For Siegfred and me and for Harald, too, I think there was such joy in her returning, in knowing that she was safe, that for a long time we did not realize how Gudrid had changed. Then we thought it was due to her sufferings and would pass. Truly she had been through great sorrow since, wrapped in her blue cloak she had bade farewell to Stoakkness, and had felt our father's hand resting upon her head for the last time.

For scarce was Thorvald's ship upon the sea, we learned, than the winds had seized upon it for a plaything, and the storms had jested with it. All summer long it had been driven like a chip, hither and yon over the sea, and naught that the men could do served to lay the course as they wished it.

Little by little they threw their scanty cargo overboard to lighten the ship, and during all hours of the day and night did they bail water over the side. Yet it seemed to come in faster than they could bail it out. From the first they used their food and drink but sparingly, for Gudrid had sensed that the journey might be long, and had so advised.

At last they were driven within sight of land, and knew that they saw the shores of Iceland. But as though to taunt them, the winds changed and drove them southward off the land. And after a time they saw birds from the Irish coast. Then the winds changed again and drove them westward once more.

They became so worn, so exhausted and feeble that they lost all reckoning, and could not sail by the stars nor the sun when it shone through the clouds. Yet by great good luck, or as some said by the mercy of

the White Christ or of Thor, at the end of the first week of winter they made land at Lysufirth, which is in the Western Settlement.

Thorstein set out at once in search of quarters for his crew among the people there. At last he had procured homes for all of his shipmates for the winter that was upon them. Yet he and Gudrid were unprovided for, and Thorstein knew not what to do. He had sought favors of all he knew and none had failed him. But with the winter closing in, and the storehouses scantily filled, each farmstead had looked to another to shelter the son of Eric and his wife, and Thorstein would not ask for himself that which he begged for his men.

Thorstein and Gudrid remained, therefore for several days under the tent they had fashioned from the awning spread over the ship. Then one morning, as they rose, they made out two men coming toward the tent.

The leader of the two called, "Who are the people within the tent, and how many?"

Thorstein Ericksson answered, "We are twain. Who is it that asks?"

"My name is Thorstein," answered the stranger. "I am known as Thorstein the Swarthy. And this is Gard, my man. I was told that there were two people here, husband and wife, who were without shelter for the winter. My purpose, therefore, is to offer you a home with me."

"I must consult my wife," answered Thorstein. And he withdrew from the opening and took counsel with Gudrid. She bade him decide, and so he accepted the invitation, though he was dismayed a little at the appearance of Thorstein the Swarthy. Nor did the man's speaking do aught to assure him.

"I will come after you on the morrow with a sumpter horse* for I am not lacking in means to provide for both of you. But I warn you it will be lonely dwelling with me, since there are but two of us in the family, my wife and myself, while you are accustomed to a great hall and many people. Besides, I am reported a hard man with whom to deal. Also, my faith is not the same as yours, though it may be that you have chosen the better one."

* Packhorse.

As he promised, Thorstein the Swarthy returned the next day with the horse and Thorstein Ericksson and Gudrid journeyed with him, and took up their home with the swarthy pagan and Grimhild, his wife.

Because Gudrid was of an understanding nature, and could adapt her ways to others, she was welcome in that house. Yet the terrors through which Gudrid had passed were not yet over for her. For the plague appeared in the Western Settlement early in the winter. Many of the men who had been with Thorstein on the boat were the first to die, for they had been greatly weakened.

Thorstein Ericksson went forth and caused coffins to be made for them, and had the bodies buried in unconsecrated earth, with a pole touching their breasts to keep each spirit quiet. As soon as the spring came, he said, he would load them all on board his ship. For it was his purpose to have them taken to the Eastern Settlement and buried in the churchyard there. Thorstein the Swarthy aided him in these matters and the two became friends.

Soon the plague appeared in the house of Thorstein the Swarthy. The man, Gard, who spoke not much and who had no friends, took sick first and died. Thorstein Ericksson and Grimhild, the wife of Thorstein the Swarthy were brought low with the fever.

Grimhild could not be kept quiet in her illness but talked of strange things and had curious whims. One day naught would she do but that she must go through the turf passage and outside the house. Gudrid could not turn her thoughts from this strange desire, for Grimhild declared she must see somewhat that she knew was there. So finally with Gudrid aiding her she went through the turf passage to the trampled snow in front of the house and looked about her.

"It is as I told you," declared Gudrid. "There is naught here."

At the words Grimhild uttered a loud cry. Gudrid put an arm about her saying, "We have acted thoughtlessly in coming here. Yet thou needest not cry, though the cold strikes thee. Let us go in again as speedily as possible."

"No," answered Grimhild, shaking her head. "This may not be for the moment,

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for all of the dead are drawn up before our door so that we cannot pass. Among them I see thy husband, and I can see myself there also. It is distressful to look upon."

No sooner had she uttered these words than she grew calmer and added, "Let us enter now, Gudrid. They are gone. I no longer see aught."

And when they were inside she cried out that she saw Gard in the room and that he had a whip in his hand, and was going to scourge her.

With great difficulty did Gudrid quiet her, but the sick woman talked and whimpered most of the night. The next morning Grimhild lay still and white and there was such a feel of death about the place that all thought her spirit had already flown and Thorstein the Swarthy went forth to seek a plank on which to place her. He believed that one of his neighbors had a supply of such. While he was gone Gudrid also left the house on an errand, and Thorstein Ericksson was alone in the house except for Grimhild lying motionless nearby in her bed.

When Gudrid and Thorstein the Swarthy re-entered, having chanced to return from their errands at the same time Thorstein Ericksson was wet with the fear-sweat. He declared that while they were gone Grimhild had risen from where she had been lying, had put on her shoes and moved about the room. She had but laid down again, he said, when the others had re-entered.

Every timber in the house had creaked loudly when she returned to her bed, declared Thorstein, and then Gudrid and her host were filled with terror, for the timbers were still creaking, and all knew that this was ghostly business.

Thorstein the Swarthy was a big man and strong, but it took all of his strength to place Grimhild on the plank he had brought and carry it out of the house. Yet he knew that the spirit had indeed flown and that only the shell remained. He bore the corpse away and gave it burial.

Gudrid ministered to her husband, but he grew weaker and weaker, and that evening he sank back on his bed with a great gasp. His eyes closed and his skin was cold and clammy though hitherto it had been burn-

ing hot. Thorstein the Swarthy held a hand to his friend's nostrils to see whether there was any sensible breath there, and feeling none, he shook his head and told Gudrid that her husband also had now gone to the land of the dead.

"Alas," cried Gudrid, "now Thorstein will rest as Thorvald does, in unconsecrated ground, and I am the cause of these misfortunes."

In order to ease Gudrid's grief, Thorstein the Swarthy assured her that this need not be, because in the spring he would see that not only the body of her husband, but of all his shipmates who had died in the Western Settlement, should be loaded on the boat and taken back to the harbour Ericksfirth, and from there they could be carried to the churchyard at Brattahlid to rest near Eric the Red.

Then Thorstein the Swarthy advised Gudrid to try to get some rest, and declared that he would keep watch beside the dead until the morrow. Then, he added, he would summon other people from the settlement to care for Gudrid and aid her in her sorrow.

"Thou art a true friend to me," declared Gudrid thanking him, and she went then to do as she was bid.

But as Thorstein the Swarthy sat on a bench watching at the side of the man he believed dead, lest evil spirits should gather there, suddenly Thorstein Ericksson sat up crying, "Where is Gudrid?"

Thorstein the Swarthy was too frightened to answer, and again the son of Eric cried, "Where is Gudrid?"

When he called for Gudrid the third time, Thorstein the Swarthy staggered from his seat, and went to Gudrid. "Wake," he said in a shaking voice, "Wake, Gudrid. For the strange things continue in this house, and now the spirit of Thorstein thy husband wishes to speak with you."

Then Gudrid heard her husband calling, and great fear came upon her. For she had laid her cheek upon her husband's face after he had given the great gasp which presages death, and she had thought it seemed cold beneath her own.

Truly, wonders were coming fast upon her. And she could not make up her mind in this matter, so she looked to Thorstein the Swarthy to guide her, asking, "Shall I answer such a call or no?"

Then her host answered, "Cross yourself as is your wont and pray your God to aid you, for I have no advice to offer. Yet, will I go first and question him?"

The swarthy one crossed the floor with fearful steps to the bed where Thorstein Ericksson was sitting and said, "What is thy wish, that ye call for Gudrid?"

Thorstein Ericksson answered, "I wish to tell her the things I have seen in the future for her, so that she will not grieve so at my death. For I have come near the ending and I find it good."

"You must take counsel with yourself, Gudrid," declared the pagan then, "for I know not whether you should listen."

Gudrid's first great fear was leaving her, and with more calmness she spoke then saying, "My trust is in the White Christ, and while this which is happening is passing strange, and may be of evil, yet on the other hand, it may be like to a miracle which shall afterward be held in remembrance. Therefore I will learn what the man who seemed dead may have to say. For," she added, "I cannot escape this, even though it is designed to bring me harm. Under God's mercy will I learn what he has to say."

Then Gudrid drew nearer to her husband, and saw that he was weeping, and she forgot much of her fear in the desire to comfort him. As she bent to soothe him he said somewhat in her ear, which could not be heard by Thorstein the Swarthy. But whatever the words may have been, all fear then left Gudrid, and she sat down on the bed by her husband and kept an arm about him as he spoke.

"I know not," began Thorstein Ericksson, "whereof the knowledge which I have, but this I would tell thee—I have seen clearly. And through God's will is this hour given me for the good of us both."

"One in my father's hall the Greenland sibyl told that you would make a goodly marriage in this land, but that it would not be of long duration. These her words are now proved true, for I am leaving you forever."

"In the future, the sibyl told also, your path lay out of Greenland, and that I believe also. For I am not a sibyl, but at this moment I am given to know that if you

fulfill your destiny you will verily marry an Icelander.

"With him your wedded life will be long. And of your progeny there shall be those both illustrious and famous, of virtue and renown."

"You shall travel far and in many lands, and after a goodly married life when your husband dies you shall go on a pilgrimage even to Rome. But in the end your feet shall walk in Iceland. There shall be a church raised there, and you shall abide there and take the veil and become even as those of whom the priest from Norway has told us. In that sanctuary shall you die when the end comes, and the peace shall be great upon you then, like to that I now know."

"As for my body," added Thorstein Ericksson, "let it be taken with those of my men on the ship, and carried back to Ericsfirth, so that we may be buried in the churchyard at Brattahlid as befits Christians."

"That, my Thorstein, has our host already promised," murmured Gudrid, and Thorstein Ericksson gave Thorstein the Swarthy thanks for the promise. And of Thorstein the Swarthy, he asked one further thing, "Let the body of Gard the pagan who died first in this house, be burned upon a pyre as speedily as may be. For he is in league with evil spirits and is the cause of all the strange happenings in this place."

"Blessed be all those who keep the new faith well," said Thorstein, "for it carries with it help and consolation."

He sighed a great sigh then and ended, "Give my property to the church and the poor." And he sank down on the bed a second time, smiled at Gudrid, closed his eyes. His body grew cold and rigid, nor did breath return to it. No further wonders took place in that house.

Gudrid was glad that she had talked with Thorstein's spirit, and as her husband had hoped, she grieved not so sorely now at his death.

Thorstein the Swarthy then prepared the body of Eric's son for burial. But at Gudrid's wish it was not put in unconsecrated earth, but was placed in a coffin which was borne at once to the ship. And the tent¹⁰ of the ship was raised over it.

¹⁰ Awning.

And in all ways did her host minister to Gudrid's welfare as best he might during the remainder of the winter. In early spring he sold his lands and such cattle and sheep as had survived the season. He procured a crew, which included such men of Thorvald's as remained alive, and others from the Western Settlement. With them he unearthed the bodies of Thorstein Ericksen's comrades from unconsecrated ground, and had them carried to the ship and set under the awning beside the coffin of their master.

Then Thorstein the Swarthy loaded such household possessions as he chose to take with him, and brought Gudrid to the harbour and made a comfortable place for her on the ship.

He sailed southward even while the ice barrier was breaking and came to no hurt, though it took much longer to make the journey than in mid-summer. All the way it seemed that paths were opened before them for the death-ship to pass through as it took its way to Ericksfirth, and it moved always forward to the sound of great grinding and cracking among the ice-cakes. So with the dead Thorstein the Swarthy reached Ericksfirth much earlier than men were wont to bring a boat through to safety, and had brought Gudrid to Brattahlid to tell Leif what had happened.

It was a brave tale to hear, the tale of the deeds of Thorstein the Swarthy, who hitherto had been a simple and unknown man. All those who heard it honored him greatly, for not many men could have carried themselves so bravely in the presence of the dead, and after the wonders which had come to pass.

Leif had the bodies of Thorstein Ericksen and his men laid in the churchyard. Then he gave Thorstein the Swarthy land in the Eastern Settlement, where he made his home henceforward.

Gudrid always honored him as one who had shown her great kindness and friendship, and he was often in the hall at Brattahlid, while all those in the settlement looked upon him as a superior man.

XI

Gudrid was there at Brattahlid. She was in the same hall with Siegfred and Harald

and me. She walked with us in the dusk. She went with me for herbs and flowers. She washed clothes beside me at the fjord. She prepared wool for the winter's spinning.

In the evening she sat by the hearth as of old and listened while the others talked. She seldom spoke.

Gudrid was there at Brattahlid. Leif's eyes would rest with longing upon her, but there was a hopeless expression on his face. Gudrid's eyes lifted not from the thread twisting through her fingers, or from the flames on the hearth curving up and over like sea waves.

Were we outside the house and she raised her head it was to turn her eyes toward the far-off mountains, toward the sun setting in the west. Always her gaze was far away, and always it was unseeing.

Gudrid was there at Brattahlid and yet she was not there. The sorrow-mist which had first fallen upon her face that day in the cow-byre had neither deepened nor lightened. At Stoakkaness in the time of her marriage to Thorstein it had stayed upon her brow. It was there now. I remembered the light which shone from her countenance at the time of her clear seeing on the reef, and wondered whether ever again Gudrid would be as of old, and whether I should ever glimpse again the glow of certainty in her eyes.

Leif, I think, wondered also.

Again and again he tried to walk the old path of understanding, but Gudrid looked upon him and saw him not. All the old bonds, save one were broken. For when he would speak of the night she had called him from the sea, she would seem startled, and then would come the answer that she had given him in the fields at Stoakkaness.

"I am not calling now."

It seemed to me that I would give all I had in the world, aye, even my own life, if only once she would answer, "Leif, I am calling!" or if once she would look about her with her eyes and appear to see and care aught for that on which her gaze fell.

Gudrid was there, but something that was Gudrid was not there. Because of what I had done had she come to this pass. I and my wilfulness alone were to blame.

In my thoughts I went over the matter again and again, until at last when I could keep them no longer to myself, I told part



of my thoughts to Harald. And while I told naught of my own wilfulness, I told him that I was like to die did Gudrid not come back as of old beside me.

"When the cross was shining on her breast in the old days," I said, "she declared our mother was guiding and caring for her. But now it is as though she walked always in a deep fog and had no guidance for her feet. Fog is not for such a one as Gudrid. She should walk always in the sunlight, for something about her was kindred to the sun."

Harald listened thoughtfully and with understanding. And at last he spoke. "Perchance if she would but wear the cross again where the sun would light upon it as in the former times, that light might reflect even in her eyes. I know not if this would come to pass," he said, "but so it seems to me."

I threw my arms out and caught him to me for a moment, "Harald, what would I do without your wisdom?" I asked. "It is ever a friendly comfort to me."

He smiled a little wryly and started to speak. But I would not listen further. With swift steps I was hastening back to Brattahlid, and by good fortune I found Gudrid alone and urged her to walk with me in the dusk.

All the while I was wondering what words I should say, with what urging I could get my way. But when I would have spoken I had not words at all. The heads of the wool grass moving in the dale before me like dancers in the old sword dance were a blurred mass of silver, and I began to cry brokenly as I had not cried since I was a small child.

Gudrid was all concern, as of old when aught had been wrong with me or Siegfried.

For a moment I knew that she truly looked upon me and the blind farness was gone for a little from her eyes.

"My sister, tell me what ails thee?" she said.

I could not speak, my throat ached so with my sobs.

"Tell me," she said, again and again, and at last I whispered, "Something that I want, Gudrid, something which only you can give me."

"Have I ever refused thee aught, when I thought its giving good for thee?" asked Gudrid.

"But this you will not give and I fear to ask it," I replied and lost myself in my sobs again.

"Tell it," said Gudrid, "the telling will do thee good, and if perchance I can yield, for thy sake will I do so."

"Our mother's cross," I managed then, and my voice sank in a whisper, while every word was like a knife tearing through my throat, so great was the sorrow I saw now on Gudrid's face. Yet I had started and I would not stop. It was something at least to have her expression change, even though it were for greater and deeper sorrow, different than any I had ever known.

"When you wore it of old on your dress and the sunlight flashed from it, then were you, Gudrid, kindred to the sunlight. But since you have hidden the cross from sight, naught but sorrow has been yours, and you walk as it were, always in the shadow, and we who love you scarce know you any more. All this Gudrid is because of my own wilfulness, and the path you tread is a path of my making. My grief seems more than I can bear."

After I had finished I sobbed no longer but sat white and shaking.

Gudrid looked at me. She saw me clearly. Her eyes were not veiled nor misted now, but the hurt in them was very great and struggle was there also. At last she reached out her arms and drew me close to her, and bent my head upon her shoulder. When she spoke it seemed as though the waters of the fjord loosed from the ice in the springtime were in her voice, for it trembled and surged even as the waters.

"My little sister," she said, "forget what has happened in the past. For you were young, and moreover I came in time so you

did not sin. As for the path which my feet have followed, it may be it were best in the end. I had not thought you were so grieved and concerned, and that is because I have been thinking too much of myself, and of the things which I have looked upon. For they were not always pleasing things, and it is difficult to forget them. Yet methinks in time I shall have growth from them.

"But as you were speaking, I knew that you were right, my sister. Verily I have done wrong to hide our mother's cross from view. For when it flashed upon my bosom in the sun I did have strange comfort from it, and that comfort I have put away when most I needed it. The reason that I hid the cross was a wrong reason, that I see. For it was because I hid away with it a memory in my heart, which it were best to loose forever."

I knew then that she spoke of the memory she held of Leif when he came up out of the sea and gave the cross which she had lost, back to her keeping. I started to cry out then for I was not wise enough to know whether the memory should be loosed or not. And of late I had come to a new understanding of Leif.

Gudrid shook her head, saying, "Speak no more, little sister," and she took the cross from underneath her dress, and let it lie as of old outside the gray of her wadmál gown.

As soon as she did this the sun which was low in the heavens seized upon it, and flashed gold about the sapphire, and for a moment the light hid even the stain upon the cross.

I looked at Gudrid and she was looking at me and smiling. Then I cried out in gladness, for the light was once more in her eyes and the far-seeing look was gone. Truly Harald had been wise. Arms about each other we returned to the hall and Siegfred came to meet us.

When Gudrid went with Leif's mother to the church, Siegfred whispered to me, "What has happened? Gudrid has come back among us."

"Aye," I answered and flung my arm about him. But I told him naught, and went and sought out Harald. He was standing by the smithy door sharpening his scythe against a stone there. To him I said, "You were right, Harald, Gudrid is

wearing the cross on her gown again. And as soon as she placed it there and the sunlight flashed upon it, the light came back to her eyes and washed the sorrow-mist away. The old Gudrid is come back among us."

Leif noted what had happened, too, and hoped rushed in a flood to his face. To all his advances Gudrid was kind and spoke always gently and courteously to him. Yet still there was naught in her that called to him, and this he soon understood. Still he had hope that if he continued to call in his heart to Gudrid she must hear in the end. He had learned patience in many things, and hoped it would serve in this.

Freydis had come to the hall to ask somewhat of Leif's mother, and as soon as Gudrid entered with Lea, Freydis noted the cross laying as of old on her gown. She sneered as she pointed a sharp finger toward it, "Think you it will bring you luck again?"

Gudrid answered not but went toward the hearth. Freydis frowned and took a stone from the pouch hanging at her belt, and on the stone was traced the hammer of Thor. "This amulet will I pit against your cross," she cried, "and it will conquer it again as it has in the past."

Again Gudrid did not answer, though the look that she gave Freydis was one of pity, and Freydis began pushing the straggling ends of her hair under her coif, and hitching her dress up under her belt, so that it would not trail so unseemly. Gudrid's hair was once more in braids as a widow wears them, but the braids were neat and smooth, her dress fresh and pleasing. Her very appearance seemed to infuriate Freydis so that she lifted a pot of fat from the hearthside and threw it at Gudrid. It fell short of its mark and the grease soaked slowly into the hardened earth-floor. Freydis seemed to have forgotten it almost immediately, for soon her own skirt was trailing darkly through the mess.

"It is no time for the wasting of aught," scolded Leif's mother. "For unless the boats come soon, it is not only the cattle and sheep which will hunger next winter."

Freydis laughed and said she was not concerned. I thought how I had heard it told that Freydis had a hoard of food hidden away against a time of want, and that she

had gold and silver hidden also, which she had filched from Eric's treasure at his death. Yet she was forever coming to Brattahlid begging with a whine for this or that, and she and her husband now dressed in clothes which would have shamed the poorest, though their store for trading was always plentiful, as I had heard from Leif who had reason to know.

But Leif's mother had no need of such fear, for after the hay had been taken from the meadows, and stored in the byres and in stacks, a trading boat came from Iceland, which brought much that we needed. Iceland is nearer Norway, and has more trade with the east, so that it suffers not so much in a stormy season. I recall it was on a Thor's Day that the boat came, for I thought after that the day and the happening were kindred.

Leif was glad to see the boat, not knowing that it brought cargo which he had not expected, and which was not to his cred't.

For a small boy had come on the Iceland ship, and no sooner was Leif at the harbour than it was told him that the boy wished to see Leif the son of Eric the Red.

"Bring him to me here," said Leif, who was standing in a group of farmers conversing with the Icelanders. I was there with Siegfred and Harald listening, for it was good to be in touch with the world once more. Freydis and her husband were in the group, also, for Freydis had done some secret trading and was smirking now at her close bargaining.

"What would you?" demanded Leif of the boy when he was brought to him.

The boy was tall and gangling for his years, which were few. His face seemed strangely loose and unfinished, and seemed somewhat like that of a startled sheep. He said naught but shifted his little calfskin pack from his shoulders to the ground and reached a long thin hand inside. When he found what he wanted he drew it out slowly—a crumpled Greenland mantle of watmal. A second time he reached in the bag and drew out a belt of walrus-tusk.

These he handed without speaking to Leif, and Leif received them in silence. Then with a fumbling and hunting in the bag the boy produced a third article, a gold bracelet and as he gave this to Leif he said, "My mother before she died, bade me come

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hither to thee and told me to give you these things."

"What further did she say?" demanded Leif. He spoke sharply as though he feared and yet expected the answer.

"She bade me ask you whether you gave these things to her when you stopped at the Hebrides on your way to Norway to visit the King. She said you fathered me." The boy's eyes were lifted toward the figure holding the things he had handed him. "My name is Thorkels," he ended in a little rush.

Leif's eyes roved over the curious figure before him. It was plain to him then as it was to all of us that there was something not altogether natural¹¹ about the boy. Then Leif spoke, slowly and in a lower tone than was his wont. "If she who sent you says it is so, then are you my son."

The Greenlanders in the group were silent and started to move away. The traders busied themselves with their goods, but Freydis laughed her great coarse laugh and pointed a finger at Leif crying, "So the first-born of Eric follows close in the steps of the old one and fathers one out of wedlock, even as I was fathered. Yet he cries the loudest when another sins."

At Leif's look Freydis cowered, spake no further word, and went off with her husband, making a great pretense of looking for a piece of money lost on the ground.

Leif took Thorkels back with him to Brattahlid and was kind to him, though the boy was no great comfort to him, being stupid and slow in all ways. After his coming I think Leif gave up all hope of winning Gudrid. For he knew that his own sin had found him out and that he could not expect mercy when he himself had shown none at the mere appearance of evil.

The ship from Iceland departed, and the men settled down to the autumn tasks, glad that the coming winter would find ale in the casks for their feasting, glad too that some grain had been brought, yet they could have used more. The ship's cargo had been lacking in weapons and in sickles which were greatly needed, and the traders from Iceland had taken advantage of our need and had charged much for that which

they left behind, so that the Greenland trading stock was greatly depleted. Though the traders were not greatly blamed for that. One man's need is another's opportunity.

It was, therefore, with mingled delight and dismay that just after the autumn festival word was brought that two ships from Norway were at Ericksfirth. It was three years since any ship had come thus directly, and the occasion was a great one—even though the means for trade were scanty. Everyone hoped that these ships could be persuaded to lay over until the spring, and not attempt to sail to Iceland. Leif put on his armour and wore his scarlet cloak as a mark of respect for the newcomers. The armour had been kept well-shined, but he wore it seldom and it did not fit him as of old. I noted that he seemed uncomfortable in it, and his limp the more pronounced.

He took men and horses with him and every man at Brattahlid went down to the harbour to see the ships. Harald and Siegfred went of course, and we saw Freydis mounted on a sorry horse with her husband behind her, going thence.

Gudrid and I had planned to gather moss that day and this we did, going back now and then to the house. For Leif's mother was growing old and infirm, and was wont to desire that either Gudrid or Leif be near her at all times.

I was a little disappointed not to go with the others to see the ships, but Gudrid said they would doubtless remain in the harbour long, and it would be better if we went when the crowd was not too great.

We climbed the little hill near the house, tinted brightly with the red and golds of autumn, and as we filled our baskets with the soft moss, Gudrid told me of our own mother until it seemed like the old days before sorrows had fallen other than lightly upon us.

The sun was shining and never had I seen the cross flash so brightly. More than once I nearly cried aloud for joy that Gudrid's face, too, was alight with a radiance I had not beheld for years. Aye, I thought, it is as bright as it was the day on the reef when she stood among us and declared that we would be rescued.

She was wearing the blue wadmál, which was the color of our mother's cloak, which lay folded near by on a rock. Her braids

¹¹ One not altogether normal, i.e., idiotic.

hung over the dress as bright as the gold of the cross, and while they were long and smoothly plated, yet her hair had a way of loosening about her face and clinging in little feather-spirals to her forehead and in shining whorls in front of her ears.

We had tired from our labors and were resting on the moss when Gudrid lifted her head and stood up, gazing down the fjord. I had heard no sound, but she called me and I went to her and looked where she pointed.

"Hither comes one who is destined to be a great man!" she said. Excitement was in her voice such as I had not marked before, and the years seemed suddenly to have dropped from her so that she appeared younger than I had ever thought her. For the moment I felt as though I were the elder.

Where Gudrid pointed I saw three men riding. The horses I recognized as belonging to Leif. Two were bay and one was white. I knew instantly that Gudrid was speaking of the rider of the white horse, for there was somewhat in the way he strode the horse, in the straightness of his back, in the lift of his head that was different from the other two. His armour, also, seemed to shine the brightest and his helmet was gold. There were golden wings of the metal on either side. I remembered how Leif had once worn the scarlet wings of Vineland birds on his helmet and was sorry that he had replaced them with two curved and polished horns.

Leif's bright cloak lay across his horse's neck. That of the stranger was leaf green. It swung from his shoulders and was held by a narrow strap at his throat. The third stranger wore a cloak of net-brown over his left shoulder, fastened with a shining buckle at the right.

As we watched, the men dismounted in order that the horses might be lightened of their burden. For the Greeland horses are, I am told, smaller than those of Norway, and these were unaccustomed to carrying men in armour. Now the three walked forward beside their horses and Leif pointed out things for their seeing.

For the first time I noted that Leif had lost the straightness of the pine that is chosen for the mast. He bent a little now

as a birch feeling the wind in its upper branches.

The stranger with the golden helmet did not bend. His step was light and eager. I could not explain what I felt but Gudrid spoke my thoughts when she said, "He walks like the wind. His feet touch mountain tops of gladness."

"Aye," I added, "and he looks most not at near things but the far."

For as Leif pointed out this and that beauty near at hand, the stranger nodded politely, but his face ever kept lifting toward the horizon edge where the light from some dark clouds spilled over and trembled on the water, or toward a glacier far off where a mass of ice suddenly toppled and fell into the fjord with a crash which carried to our ears as we stood watching.

The stranger paused then on a rock by the fjord and pointed where the blue jets of water were flung high in the air, and his cloak which the wind folded back to show the furred lining was caught and held by a clutching thorn, so that it looked like an eagle's wing stretching behind him.

I remembered Leif standing at the prow of the dragon-boat and how he had seemed to me then like a god of the sea. But this man stood as a winged creature, and the gold of his helmet held the sun. He was as a god of the air.

"One who will become great," whispered Gudrid, and her voice trembled. "Never have I dreamed there was such a one!"

The light was on her face as of old, and I knew that though Leif had lost his godhood, Gudrid was a goddess still. In spite of all I had done I had not taken that from her.

Yet mingled with my joy that this was so, was a sadness at what Leif had lost. Of that loss I felt for a little I must claim some responsibility. Then the words of the sibyl came to me with a new and comforting meaning, "Destiny marks, but man himself chooses." In setting his oath to Eric above Gudrid's honor Leif had chosen his own way and in that hour he had failed his destiny. And thinking thus my own burden grew lighter. By property and a high seat, and not by a child's wilfulness, had his sight been clouded. For I remembered too, that at the time when Leif believed ill of my sister, Thorstein and Thorvald saw

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clearly, aye, and their father, Eric the Red, saw even into the depths of my heart.

As I played thus with the past, the men before us had come to a turning, and as though drawn from the easy path, they took the upper way that would lead them by the place where we had been gathering moss. As they came closer Gudrid dropped to her knees and busied herself once more at the task.

I saw that she but feigned to work, and that often the handful of moss fell short of the basket and she did not note. But I still stood on the rock and watched the men.

"Look," I urged Gudrid. For the stranger had taken a falcon from a basket of wicker withes which hung on the white horse, and was setting it on the glove of horsehide which he wore on his wrist. He loosed the blinders from the falcon's eyes and the thong from its feet. For a moment the bird looked about. Then with outstretched wings it soared until it was a dark bit, a speck in the sky, and at last we could see it no longer.

The three men stood and watched. For a long time there was naught. Then again a speck was dark in the blue. It came closer and closer. In great spirals it curved, spirals that grew always smaller, until with a rush it dropped and lighted on the stranger's wrist.

The falcon sat there and turned its head toward its master, seeming to listen for words of praise to which it was accustomed. The man strode forward speaking to the bird, "Have you brought me . . ." he started to ask, but he rounded the path then and saw Gudrid in her blue gown standing with the basket heaped with golden moss at her feet, her golden braids hanging below her knees, her hair lifting about her face—"the sun?" he ended. He looked no longer at the falcon for his eyes were on my sister.

"These are Iceland traders come from Norway," explained Leif coming up with the second stranger. "You have already greeted Thorfinn Thordar's son, I see, and this is Snorri, the son of Thorband.

Gudrid and I swept them our curtsies, and Snorri Thorbandsson spoke, "Strange it seems to hear you call my friend Thorfinn, for never do men in Iceland or Norway bespeak him by his christening name.

For since he was a small lad, all have called him Karlsefni."¹²

I started at the name, and my mouth gaped with surprise that Gudrid had recognized that this man was chosen by destiny. Then I remembered another time when I had been surprised in like fashion, and that was the way when Gudrid had named Leif as the son of Eric the Red, before any among us on the rock knew the name of our approaching rescuer.

We went with the newcomers to the hall, and Karlsefni carried the falcon all the way on his wrist seeming to have forgotten it was there. He walked with his head bent so that he might hear Gudrid's voice when she spoke. Yet she said but little and a strange shyness seemed to be upon her.

"Gudrid," I said happily when we sought stores in the storehouse that night, "I am glad you are wearing the cross on your dress again. Mark you not," I added, "that you have been happier since?"

"Aye," replied Gudrid, "little sister, I have marked."

Something moved by the corner of the storehouse and I saw Freydis bending forward in her near-sighted way and listening to what we had to say. I saw her fumbling in her pouch and knew she was touching the stone there with the hammer of Thor pictured upon it. Truly, I thought, the cross of Gudrid must be greater than the amulet of Freydis, and I wondered whether Freydis were not beginning to believe this, also.

I was ill prepared, therefore, for what Freydis did that evening as we were gathered about the long fire listening to Karlsefni and Snorri recounting the news from Norway. Never before had traders come among us who were so fully informed, or who could talk so easily and with interest of the happenings in that land. It was like good wine in a place which had long suffered the lack and knew a great thirsting.

So enthralled had I been with Karlsefni in his armour that I had not hitherto taken in the details of his appearance as I did that evening. He was one who looked

¹² One who will become great is one translation of this word. Hero-like is another translation.



equally well without armour, I thought, as I gazed upon him. His eyes were the color of the blue flax in flower, growing beneath the sun of his hair. And his hair was not cut low over his eyebrows, as was the general custom in Greenland, but swept straight back from his forehead, which seemed exceeding high. It was, I realized, the same color as Gudrid's hair, a fair and living gold. A narrow circlet of beaten gold held it in place, and there were waves in the hair which made me think of the sea,

or the path an eagle leaves in the sky. His beard, too, was rich as honey but his eyebrows were like brown sweeping wings of birds. Always, whenever I looked at him, there was something about Karlsefni which brought me the thought of wings.

His cheeks showed the flush of red blood and his lips were the color of Leif's scarlet robe—aye I must say it, like paired red wings.

His robe was a green, not the lighter

green of his cloak, but that of dark-neededled fir trees, and the border had touches of silver threads. The chain at his throat dripped beads of gold which seemed to me like to the barley heads, a few of which our father had once brought with great joy to perfect ripeness.

Leif, as I have said, wore his best robe of scarlet, that one which he kept usually for feasts, and his rings were heavy upon his fingers and wrists, a gold chain at his neck.

He was much interested in the sword Karlsefni had with him. It was an old one, called The Fearless, and he had it from his father. To Leif he showed how the scabbard was scored with runes, and the men too drew close to examine these.

Gudrid had put aside her spindle and sat with folded hands listening to Karlsefni speaking. I knew, somehow, that he realized she was listening, that a bond stronger than friendship had already forged itself between them. Gudrid seemed but to be waiting for that bond to be drawn closer.

Freydis was in the hall, walking restlessly about. I marked that she too was watching Gudrid, but I did not know that anger had brewed a storm within her. She muttered something about getting fresh wool for her distaff and passed hurriedly past where Gudrid was sitting. As she came by her side, Freydis seemed to stumble, and with a cry she reached toward Gudrid for support, and Gudrid held out a hand to aid her.

Freydis struck the hand aside, laughed her loud laugh, seized the cross from Gudrid's neck with a jerk that broke the chain and threw it straight into the long fire. Gudrid cried out sharply, and her hand clutched at her dress where the cross had so recently lain.

Before it reached the flames, Leif and Karlsefni jumped from their places. Leif's scarlet robe caught on the carving of the high seat and delayed him. Karlsefni, however, sprang straight over the table and touched it not. His sword clattered unheeded to the floor behind him.

Faster than the eye could follow, Karlsefni was at the fire, and the odor of singed

wool was rising from his arm thrust deep into the flames, and then the arm was out again flaming, but in his fingers flashed the cross, unharmed.

Men sprang to him to extinguish the flames from his sleeve, he paused not for their ministry, but strode through them and placed the cross in Gudrid's hand. For a moment they seemed to forget all others in the hall, Karlsefni's hand remained upon the cross in Gudrid's fingers, his eyes were lost in hers. Verily in that moment, I think, was their destiny linked, and the cross was its sign and symbol.

Leif reseatd himself in the high seat. He was very pale as he ordered that Freydis be sent from the hall and come not again to Brattahlid, though she might spend the night if she wished, in the cattle-byre.

"In the cattle-byre," screamed Freydis. "Aye, it would be there!" And laughing shrilly as she thrust Thorkels out of her way, she went forth, her husband following after her, as usual, like a crooked shadow.

Karlsefni went on with his talk of Norway and of voyaging, of foreign shores, of king's courts and of strange peoples. He told of Normandi in Valland¹², of Scotland and of Ireland, where, as we all knew from the old saga of the storytellers, his ancestor, Kiaval, had been king.

Karlsefni had journeyed to the southern sea and even to the land of the White Christ; he had paused on the coasts of Spain and had traded with the Faroes but this was his first voyage to Greenland. Though being an Icelander he had heard much of Greenland, and of Eric the Red also, for his great-grandfather, Thord the Yeller, had been among those sending Eric the Red into exile.

"Aye," declared Karlsefni, when mention was made of that fact, "Thord the Yeller declared often that Eric the Red owed him much for that deed!"

Through all the talk, Gudrid sat quietly listening. She held the cross pressed tightly between both hands, and I sensed that Karlsefni's speaking was now all for Gudrid's hearing, and through it he was telling all that had happened to him in the past, knowing that this she wished to know.

¹² France.

Yet never was there boasting in his speaking, though Karlsefni told of this or that one who had done brave deeds. Never did he include himself as being other than one of the onlookers. Though once when I glanced at Snorri Thorbrandsson, I saw him lean forward as though to interrupt, and I knew well that when Snorri came to tell the tale, much that was to Karlsefni's credit would be added, and many of the adventures would have a different hero.

Gudrid's delight and happiness that evening made joy leap like a fair spring in my heart, and when I looked at Harald he smiled at me. I felt that he, too, knew I was happy and was glad. In that moment I felt greater affection toward Harald than toward Siegfred. This was strange and for a moment I was annoyed that it was so.

We went with the traders to the ships the next day. It was a great sight, for both ships were fair and well loaded, and forty men were in each ship. But as yet the trading was not brisk, for the preceding traders had driven hard bargains, and there was not much gathered in the storehouses. Yet now it was known that these traders would stay in the land until spring, and by that time there would be more furs and walrus tusks for the trading.

Karlsefni told Gudrid that she should choose whatever she wished from his stores, but she smiled and said there was naught lacking which she needed. And as soon as Biarni Grimholfsson and Thorhall Gamlisson, who were the owners of the second ship saw Gudrid they told her the same thing, but she gave them like answer.

Then Karlsefni declared he would bestow gifts upon us all in return for the hospitality he had been shown, and which he was to receive far beyond the bounds of courtesy.

For Leif had arranged that Karlsefni and Snorri should stay at Brattahlid that winter; and the masters of the second ship as well, Biarni Grimholfsson and Thorhall Gamlisson. He had provided further winter quarters for the crews among the farmers, for it was too late to set sail back to Norway, and also it was to the Greenlanders advantage to keep the traders until spring. Traders and trade were the life-

blood of Greenland as Leif well knew when he offered them the winter-courtesy.

Karlsefni bestowed gifts liberally. For Leif's mother there was a length of linen cloth from Ireland, white as the breast of the wild swan; and for Gudrid silver scissors to snip the threads easily at the loom; and beads which were strange and beautiful, called amber, from a southern shore.

For Leif there was a cask of fine wine from Germany, and a clasp of gold shaped like a birchen leaf. For me a bone comb and a mirror and in this I could see myself more clearly than in a still spring on the hillside. For Harald and Siegfred there were two daggers, which Karlsefni laid on a table and said they might take if they chose, but he could not give them aught that was edged. And to Siegfred he gave also a pair of silver tweezers, for he had marked that Siegfred had but slight trace of a beard, and that he liked not even the trace, for it changed him, he said and made him appear different than I. That he would never wish to happen. Karlsefni gave Harald, too, a piece of sweet smelling wood for his carving, and Harald made a little casket and carved both flowers and runes upon it and gave it to me. That casket I still have and much do I treasure it.

For Thorkel there was a horn with which he made a great noise and that delighted him mightily. And to old Thorhall the Hunter, who was now Leif's steward, and to whom Karlsefni had taken a liking, a set of chessmen, brightly painted and a board.

But greater than any gift which Karlsefni brought to Brattahlid was the new happiness of Gudrid, the light shining bright and clear upon her face. For now had come one, it seemed, who had called to her in a secret and still voice. And as the birds fly north with the coming of spring, so had Gudrid's heart turned toward Karlsefni. He had done no great and wonderful thing to win her. He had saved her neither from death nor suffering. He had been himself and in that alone was his greatness. In all things he was Karlsefni. Gudrid it was who would point the way to the deeds which justified the name.

(To be continued)

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

Genealogical Editor and Reference Consultant

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Genealogical Extension Service

ALL through the torrid summer the ancestor hunt has been going on in this department. At present writing, 820 orders have been filed and more are coming in every day. A precedence is allowed for the prior consideration of research intended for membership in our Society, otherwise orders must be reported in rotation.

Our orders comprise over one thousand individual lineages, none of which are duplicated although some involve the same family name. Obviously, a client has endeavored to complete the records before appealing to us for assistance, consequently, many difficult problems are presented to us, yet the reports we have made have been well received.

Our purpose is to give genealogical information to those who do not have access to records in Washington. The amount of time that we are permitted to give to each problem is limited by the fee included with the order. Obviously, a definite statement of the information desired, the arrangement of the lineage on a chart (such as is given in this Magazine), the location of the family in each generation, and the general statement as to names of children, church affiliations, should be included, since these facts are known only to the client. This saves the time that the client pays for and serves as our working basis. Again we emphasize, "State definitely, Who, When, Where, What, and Why" of each problem.

We note with satisfaction that there is a growing interest in several states in the establishment of traveling genealogical libraries. Nebraska was a pioneer in this D. A. R. project which was begun in 1923. This library consists of five thousand dollars worth of genealogical books which are sent in rotation to chapters where they are placed in the public library and made available to all interested in family history. Accessions to the library are made through appropriations by the State Conference, through individual gifts, and a generous spirit of cooperation of many of the older states by gifts from their state Archives. Many newly published genealogies have been donated by the authors and these often result in individual purchases.

Georgia is establishing such a library and other states report consideration of the plan. It is suggested that through the legislatures in various states, an appropriation for this purpose might be secured and the circulation of the books be conducted through the State Library Commission. All patriotic societies which have lineage requirements for membership would do well to consider this matter while such books are available. The supply is limited and reprints improbable.

A most frequent query: "What and where are genealogical records in each state available?" This question is being well answered by the Historical Records Survey of the W. P. A. This project was begun in

1935 for the purpose of providing useful employment to needy unemployed historians, lawyers, teachers, and research and clerical workers. The objective is the complete inventory of the records of each state and county. The work is usually conducted under the supervision of the State Archivists and Curators of History.

One which has been completed is project number 84 of Washington County, Ohio, of which historic Marietta is the county seat. Others have been completed of Hancock County, Maine; Chatham County, Georgia; Abbeville County, South Carolina; Knox County, Kentucky; Lincoln County, West Virginia; Washington County, Maryland, etc. In each case, the searcher is given a concise and authentic history of the county; copies of early maps, biographical data and information regarding wills, deeds, marriage, birth and death records that are on file, etc., all of which are so necessary in genealogical work. It has also resulted in the discovery and restoration of many hitherto unknown records. Probably no one Federal project is of such widespread value to genealogists and historians of this and future generations.

We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts to this department:

"Early Lutheran Education in Pennsylvania" by Charles L. Maurer (1938) from Mrs. Betty B. Scheffler.

"Vermont a Stumbling Block in Mid-western Genealogy" by Gilbert H. Doane (1938).

"John Henry Claggett" by James P. Cornette (1938) gift of Mrs. Kate C. Duncan.

"Colonists of Carolina" (Lineage of Hon. W. D. Humphrey) by Blanche Humphrey Abree (1938).

We are still waiting for that perfect five generation chart for publication in our Magazine. (See August number.)

Queries and Answers

QUERIES must be submitted in duplicate, typed or written double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries, indicated by * * *, desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received since June 1, 1938, will be acknowledged

and published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be re-submitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

QUERIES

J-38. Alexander.—Moses Alexander leaves to his daughter, Priscilla White, "My large Bible". Has any White descendant the records from this old Alexander Bible?—Mrs. A. A. Wilson, 1801 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

J-38. (a) Duncan.—Wanted information about David Duncan and Huldah Smith Duncan b. Jan. 29, 1773, dau. of Joseph Smith and Eunice Williams Smith mar. 1756, Norwalk, Conn., had dau. Eunice b. Apr. 4, 1794 Athens, Greene Co., N. Y. Both died young.—Mrs. Loyal G. Tillotson, 620 N. Sheridan Road, Peoria, Ill.

J-38. (b) Seeley-Pennock.—Wanted ancestry of Joseph Seeley (surname originally Pennock) b. Feb. 22, 1765 d. 1844 Oswego, N. Y. and Chloe Castle Seeley b. Nov. 15, 1768. When married?—Mrs. Loyal G. Tillotson, 620 N. Sheridan Road, Peoria, Illinois.

J-38. (a) Foster.—Wanted information about Mary, wife of Moses Foster of Chelmsford, Mass. He was born 1692.—Mrs. Walter K. Adams, 1115 West 31st Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

J-38. (b) Wood.—Wanted information about Abigail first wife of John Wood of Norwalk, Conn. their oldest child b. 1752.—Mrs. Walter K. Adams, 1115 West 31st Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

J-38. (a) Johnson-Harris.—Who were parents and earlier lines of Joseph Johnson and Sarah Harris who lived in Goochland Co., Va.; his will probated there 1781 mentions wife Sarah; dau. Joanna Moss and other children; Joanna b. Feb. 19, 1765, Goochland Co.—Mr. C. G. Kibbe, 3620 Fifth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

J-38. (b) Moss-Massie.—Want all on parents and earlier of John Moss and wife Elizabeth Massie born, mar. when, where? His will 1784 Goochland Co., Va. witnessed by William Massie and Nathaniel Massie; provides for wife Elizabeth; youngest child was Nathaniel born December 25, 1752 Goochland Co.—Mr. C. G. Kibbe, 3620 Fifth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

J-38. Smith-Sturgis-Mays.—Was Mary Sturgis, who mar. Daniel Smith in

Vincennes, Ind., the dau. of Minard and Ann Mayes Sturgis? Lucretia Smith, dau. of Daniel and Mary Sturgis Smith, b. July 1806 Knox Co., Ind; mar. Aug. 2, 1821 James Jones of Ky. d. Feb. 4, 1878. Wanted ances. of Mary Sturgis.—Mrs. Scott Rountree, 1148 Oakland Avenue, Piedmont, Calif.

J-'38. Frink.—Wanted names of parents of Charles T. Frink b. 1772 Stonington, Connecticut, d. Jan. 9, 1859, Solon, N. Y.; mar. Rebecca Johnson Dec. 24, 1797, Preston, Conn. She was b. in Conn. Who were her parents?—Mrs. Marguerite Frink Counter, Brighton, Colorado.

J-'38. (a) Cochran.—William Cochran b. May 26, 1752 mar. Margery McGinnis b. 1772 dau. of Charles and Janet McGinnis Chester Co., Pa. William Cochran Sr. came to America about 1780 from Ireland; settled in Cabarrus Co., N. C. Wanted any information concerning ancestors.—Mrs. James D. Cochran, Sr., 131 Elm Street, Statesville, N. C.

J-'38. (b) Cowan.—Wanted ancestors of Rev. Alexander Cowan, who mar. Esther dau. of Daniel Williams and Martha Cowles, Sept. 6th, 1815 at Lenox, Mass.—Mrs. James D. Cochran Sr., 131 Elm Street, Statesville, N. C.

J-'38. Hyatt-Hiatt.—Wanted any information concerning the lineage of William W. Hyatt, b. New York State abt. 1839/40; mar. Mary Golden 1865/66; had at least one son, William David Hyatt; died Hoboken, N. J., Jan. 11, 1883. * * *

J-'38. Lampkin.—William Lamkin, the Elder, Private Capt. John Camp's Company, 1st Virginia State Regiment. Married Jane Moore about 1771. Two sons William born September 16, 1773, Ezekiel later. William Lamkin, the Elder died about 1777. Want proof of exact date of his death and of date given here as birth of his son William. * * *

J-'38. Allison.—Robert Allison a Revolutionary soldier of Virginia or possibly North Carolina married Jane Moore Lampkin, widow of William Lamkin, the Elder of Virginia, a Revolutionary soldier. The Allisons moved to Roane County Tennessee and reared large family, where she died June 4, 1816. Want proof of exact date of their marriage, or information concerning birth of the eldest child. * * *

J-'38. Hudson.—Wanted date of marriage and maiden name of Elizabeth, wife of Joshua Hudson, son of Cuthbert Hudson of Hanover County, Virginia. Lived in Franklin County, Georgia, after marriage which took place before 1799. Children were Mary, Nancy, Bathsheba, Betsy, Lotty Maria, Milton Pierce, Martha Wafer and Sally Melissey Hudson. * * *

ANSWER

H-'38-5. Gump-Fox.—William Gump b. 1772 died 1861, mar. 1820 near Newtown, Greene Co., Penn. Margaret Fox b. 1796, d. 1868. Both are buried in Tennant cemetery, Fairview, W. Va. They lived in Greene Co., Penn. until 1851; then moved to Monongalia Co., W. Va., Miracle Run. William Gump served in the War of 1812. He volunteered in Urbana, Ohio April 1812, served in Capt. Henry Ullery's Co. of Ohio Militia, was taken prisoner when General Hull surrendered at Detroit, returned home May 7, 1813. He received a pension and at his death his widow was pensioned. Paper on file in Pension Dept., Washington, D. C. I believe that your Frederick Gump and Mary Fox are related to William and Margaret. The dates and places may be clues for you to work on. My grandfather was Isaac son of William and he married Diane Pack, her father was Andrew Humes. They lived in Monongalia Co. Miracle Run until they came to Iowa in 1873. He had a brother Frederick. Both Isaac and Frederick served in the Civil War from Va.—Miss Eva M. Armstrong, 714 Ave. E., Fort Madison, Iowa.



Family Associations

47th Annual Reunion **Reynolds** Family Association, New England Room, Prince George Hotel, 5th Avenue and 28th Street, New York City, October 8, 1938. Mrs. A. C. Ripplier, 37 Manheim Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Myers—Rev. Clyde Weaver, East Petersburg, Pa.

Neff—Mr. Raymond B. Neff, 332 Maple Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Newhauser—Mr. Jacob Troyer, Bird in Hand, Pa.

Newgard-Gantz—Mr. Wayne Gantz, Lititz, Pa.

News-wanger—Sec.—Mr. Haines News-wanger, Honey Brook, Pa.

Noll—Sec.—Mr. George C. Snyder, Wyomissing, Pa.

Ostol-Kline—Sec.—Miss Anna Mary Freidly, 537 E. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

Overholser—Sec.—Mrs. H. C. Hollowell, Malvern, Pa.

Paxson—Sec.—Mrs. Adaline Paxson Edwards, Quarryville, Pa.

Pegan—Sec.—Miss Cora Scott, Woodbine, Pa.

Poole—Mrs. Lester Summer, Ephrata, Pa.

Probst—Mr. Paul Zimmerman, 330 W. James St., Lancaster, Pa.

Pusey—Mr. & Mrs. Abner Pusey, London Grove, Pa.

Ranck—Rev. George S. Ranck, New Holland, Pa.

Ressler—Sec.—Mrs. K. M. Yeagley, West Willow, Pa.

Ressler—Mr. Ira Ressler, Kinzer, Pa.

Rettew—Mr. C. W. Rettew, Lebanon, Pa.

Rhoades—Sec.—Mrs. Frances Ruoss, 547 W. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

Rice—Mr. Warren Rice, Christiana, Pa.

Russell—Mr. James L. Russell, Christiana, Pa.

Rutter—Sec.—Miss Mary E. Swope, 216 W. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

Ruoss—Mr. William M. Ruoss, Bareville, R. D. No. 1, Pa.

Sweitzer—Mr. John Sweitzer, Marietta, Pa.

Tennis—Mr. Charles Smith, Peach Bottom, Pa.

Tennis—Alice M. Penrose, Greene, Pa.

Tollinger—Mrs. T. K. Nesbitt, 450 W. Walnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

Treich—Mr. Robert Treisch, Reamstown, Pa.

Trout—Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Barto, Lemoyne, Pa.

Walker—Mrs. Thomas Hollow, 347 Beaver St., Lancaster, Pa.

Waltman—Mr. & Mrs. Leon Waltman, Quarryville, Pa.

Whiteside—Mr. Wilton Whiteside, Oxford, R. D., Pa.

Weikes-Wikes—Mr. George Eisley, Newmantown, Pa.

Weitzel—Sec.—Mrs. William Lutz, Ephrata, Pa.

Wenger—Sec.—Willis Rohrer, Smoke-town, Pa.

Wenrich—Sec.—Mr. John W. Wenrich, Wernersville, Pa.

Wesley—Mr. & Mrs. Harry Wesley, Unicorn, Pa.

Wickenheiser—Sec.—Mr. Edmund Wickenheiser, Columbia, Pa.

Wilson—Mrs. Mary Kennard, Neffsville, Pa.

Withers—Mr. Curtis Withers, Ephrata, Pa.

Witman—Sec.—Miss Eleanor Smith, Conowingo, Md.

Wolfskill-Martin—Sec.—Lucy Wolfskill, Sheridan, Pa.

Worst—Mr. Harry B. Worst, White Horse, Pa.

Ulrich—Mr. John Ulrich, Strasburg, Pa.

Yoder—Rev. E. F. Yoder, 113 N. Mary St., Lancaster, Pa.

Yost—Sec.—Mrs. Ellis Rutter, Ronks, R. D. No. 1, Pa.



Revolutionary War Pensions

MIDDLETON, JOHN, OF MIDETON. Widow, Eleanor. (W. 7464, B.L.Wt. 28594-160-55. Certificate No. 6535, issued March 1, 1833, act of June 7, 1832, at \$20.00 per annum from March 4, 1831. Agency, Virginia. Service, Virginia. Rank, Private.)

Application for Pension August 25, 1832. Age, born November 20, 1761. Residence at date of application, Harrison Co., Va.

John Middleton was born November 20, 1761, in Loudoun Co., Va., where he resided until 1796, when he moved to Har-

rison Co., Va., where he has resided ever since.

He volunteered September, 1780, as a substitute for John Butcher, and served as a private for three months under Captains John Butcher (no relationship stated) and Daniel Fuggin, 1st Lieut. Matthew Rust, 2nd Lieut. John Russel, Virginia troops.

This company was addressed, when they were discharged, in the following manner by Gen. Steuben, "Boys, your term of service has expired, go home and when I call for you come again like good boys, for you are the best set of troops I ever commanded."

He enlisted as a substitute for Mr. Helm or Hellem, April, 1780 or 1781, served three months as a private in Capt. Francis Berry's Company, Col. Elias Edmund's Virginia Regiment. He was taken sick in Louisa Co., Va., and discharged by Commissary Philips, who receipted for his arms to his comrade, Samuel Davis (who was a substitute for Thomas Shepherd). John Middleton died January 31, 1837, at his residence in Harrison Co., Va.



Bible Records

BIBLE RECORD OF CAPT. JAS. HOUSTON

William Houston.

Lydia Houston, married to Charles Harrison Nov. 26, 1805.

Eleanor Houston, married to Elihu King Oct. 20, 1802.

Asenath Houston, married to Isaac Thomas Oct. 29, 1807.

Sarah W. L. Houston, married to William E. McKee 1806.

James H. Houston, married to Sarah D. Kerr Apr. 1814.

Edward R. Houston, married to Mary Henderson Oct. 13, 1815.

Richard F. Houston, married to Elizabeth Dozier Mar. 11, 1819.

Mary L. Houston, married to John Lorange Aug. 24, 1819.

Joel Brevard Houston, married to Elizabeth Lock McCorkle 1826.

George S. Houston, married to Rachel Johnson June 13, 1822.

(Center Church or Meeting House was erected A.D. 1774 and the pews were made A.D. 1775 whereof my parents often told me, 1836, L. B. Houston.)

James Houston, b. June 22, 1747.

Asenath Houston, b. Dec. 26, 1755.

Robert Brevard Houston, b. June 28, 1775.

William Houston, b. Feb. 28, 1777.

Lydia Houston, b. May 8, 1779.

Eleanor Houston, b. July 17, 1781.

Asenath Houston, b. Jan. 11, 1784.

Sally McLain Houston, b. Feb. 10, 1786.

James Hiram Houston, b. July 11, 1788.

Edward Ray Houston, b. Jan. 8, 1790.

Jack Brevard Houston, b. Aug. 1, 1792.

Richard Franklin Houston, b. Sept. 21, 1794.

George Sidney Houston, b. Sept. 23, 1796.

Mary Caroline Houston, b. Nov. 5, 1798.

Deaths

Robert Brevard Houston, deceased Feb. 25, 1785.

James Houston, departed Aug. 2, 1819 in Iredell Co., N. C.

Asenath Thomas, departed Aug. 23, 1824 in Maury Co., Tenn.

James Hiram Houston, died Aug. 13, 1826 at Fayetteville, N. C.

Mary Houston Edwards, died May 15, 1828, in Maury Co., Tenn.

Charles Harris, died Sept. 29, 1825, in Cabarras Co., N. C.

Eleanor King, wife of Elihu Spencer King, died Aug. 5, 1841 in Iredell Co., N. C.

Mrs. Asenath Houston (relict) of Capt. James Houston, died June 13, 1843.

Mrs. Sarah McLain McKee, died Nov. 9, 1843, in Bedford Co., Tenn.

Dr. William Houston, died May 9, 1844, in Bedford Co., Tenn.

John Lorange, died Sept. 22, 1846, near Florence, Alabama.

Mrs. Lydia Harris, died Nov. 21, 1847, in Cabarras Co., N. C.

Rachel Houston, wife of G. S. Houston, died Apr. 4, 1848.

Isaac Jetton Thomas, died Aug. 14, 1844 in Tenn.

Sarah Houston, wife of Dr. William Houston, died March 1857 in Bedford Co., Tenn.

Elizabeth Lock Houston, wife of Dr. J. B. Houston, d. June 2, 1851.

Dr. Joel B. Houston, d. Feb. 5, 1856.

William E. McKee, d. July 9, 1860, in Dallas, Texas.

The Bible is now in possession of Mrs. Hattie Houston, 802 Worthington Ave., Charlotte, N. C.—James Houston and his wife Asenath Brevard married Sept. 29th, 1774. James Houston married Sarah Phifer Nov. 1st, 1804.

BENJAMIN WALLACE BIBLE RECORD

Benjamin Wallace was born November 4th, 1752.

Mary, his wife, was born August 5th, 1755.

They were married August 5th, 1773.

Benjamin Wallace departed this life August 24th, 1838.

Ann Wallace was born March, 1774.

David B. Wallace was born March 17th, 1776.

William Wallace was born January 27th, 1778.

Mary Wallace was born December 20th, 1780, deceased July 11th, 1782.

John Wallace was born December 13th, 1782.

Sarah Wallace was born May 5th, 1785.

Zebulum Wallace was born July 16th, 1787.

Ruth Wallace was born June 19th, 1789.

Benjamin Wallace was born July 3rd, 1792.

Jane Wallace was born August 30th, 1794.

Joseph Wallace was born June 1st, 1797.

Polly Wallace was born August 25th, 1801.

Sgd. Margaret Black McKee.

See Pension S32571, Cert. No. 26761, in October D. A. R. Magazine for the year 1938.

FAIRCHILD FAMILY RECORD

Original ancestor of Fairchild family in America Thomas Fairchild—Settled at Stratford, Connecticut in 1639—Helped to

found town—Record in New York library under History of Fairchild Family in America.

Family Record from Thomas Fairchild's Bible

Thomas Fairchild, Sr., was born August 20, 1792.

Elizabeth Willson was born January 24, 1798.

We were married January 26, 1815, by Andrew Finly, Esq.

Births

James Willson Fairchild was born October 30, 1815.

Stephen Fairchild was born May 20, 1817. Died June 11, 1819.

Mary Fairchild was born July 12, 1819. (Wertz)

Elizabeth Fairchild was born January 28, 1822.

Lucinda Fairchild was born August 3, 1824.

Rebekah Stull Fairchild was born October 4 (5), 1826.

Thomas Coke Fairchild was born August 22, 1828.

Deaths

Lucinda Cramer died January 2, 1852.

Rebecah Tiptin died January 18, 1852.

Elizabeth Jones died June 22, 1857.

Henery Cramer, son of William and Lucinda Cramer, was born June 2, 1851.

James W. Fairchild died July 15, 1902.

Eleanor Fairchild, wife of J. W. Fairchild, died July 20, 1902.

James Wilson Fairchild (Family Record from Old Bible).

Births

Westmoreland Co., Pennsylvania.

James Wilson Fairchild, October 30, 1815.

Eleanor Barton, February 17, 1822, Washington, Guernsey Co., Ohio.

Frances Elizabeth Fairchild, April 17, 1845, Washington, Guernsey Co., Ohio.

Alexander Wilson Fairchild, March 17, 1847.

Thomas Benton Fairchild, May 19, 1849.

Mary Rebecca Fairchild, October 1, 1851.

George William Fairchild, April 13, 1854.

Lucinda Eleanor Fairchild, November 7, 1858.

John Barton Fairchild, March 3, 1861.

James Brough Fairchild, September 24, 1863.

Ulysses Grant Fairchild, September 28, 1868.

Marriages

Washington, Guernsey Co., Ohio.

James Wilson Fairchild and Eleanor Barton, May 30, 1844.

William Eagleson and Frances E. Fairchild, March 25, 1875.

Thomas Benton Fairchild and Belle Black, January 16, 1879.

George William Fairchild and Etta Wright, September 2, 1879.

James Wilson Fairchild Family Record

Washington, Guernsey Co., Ohio.

Mary Rebecca Fairchild, April 2, 1858, aged 6 yrs., 6 mo., 2 da.

Lucinda Eleanor Fairchild, May 17, 1866, aged 7 yrs., 6 mo., 10 da.

Alexander Wilson Fairchild, August 25, 1877, aged 30 yrs., 5 mo., 8 da.

Thomas Benton Fairchild, May 2, 1887, aged 38 yrs. by 19th May.

From Autograph Album of Mary Rose Fairchild, wife of James Brough Fairchild.

James W. Fairchild, born October 30, 1815, in South Huntingdon township, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania.

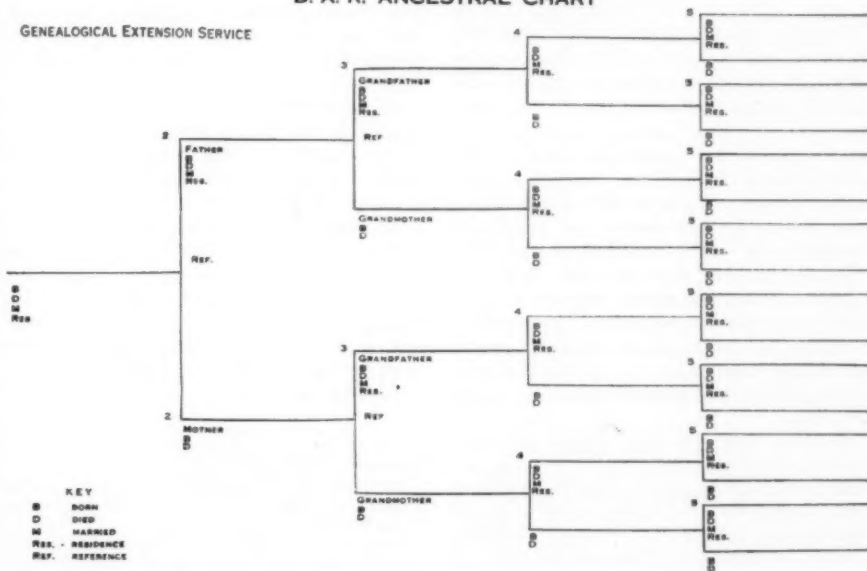
Eleanor Barton, born February 17, 1822, in Wills township, Guernsey County, Ohio.

Signed by James W. Fairchild, March 11, 1896.

Family Record (Fairchild) taken from Thomas Fairchild Bible—in possession of Fred Fairchild, Cambridge, Ohio.

D. A. R. ANCESTRAL CHART

GENEALOGICAL EXTENSION SERVICE



In submitting orders for Genealogical Extension Service, please fill out chart similar to the above, giving especially the residence of the family in each generation.

Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley

Use of Coats of Arms in Scotland

IN ENGLAND all male descendants of a man inherit the right to use his coat of arms, although descendants may have it "differenced" for use of a certain branch of the family. It is not so in Scotland. There only the male heir of the first user, i.e., the head of the house, may bear the undifferenced arms. Each of the younger sons inherit only the right to apply to the Lord Lyon King at Arms for permission to "matriculate" his father's arms with a "difference." For example, if the first ancestor bearing arms had borne, Sable, a chief argent (i.e., a black shield with the upper one-third silver), the eldest son would inherit it; the second son would get permission to use it with some change, such as with a blue border around it; the third son with the line joining the silver and black waved; the fourth son with a blue star on the silver part, etc. Then the eldest son of the second son would use the shield with the border, his second son would get permission to use it with the border in a saw-tooth line, his third son with the border waved, his fourth son with fleur-de-lis scattered over the border, etc. This process continues indefinitely, each generation making minor alterations in the arms borne by the father, to indicate they are cadet branches.

Scotland had for many years the clan system, whereby, theoretically at least, all members of the clan descended from a common ancestor. It is a fact that with the increase of population in Scotland there were an increasing number who descended from arms-bearing ancestors of the 14th century. A law of 1400, it is said, required every landowner to possess a coat of arms. In 1707 one out of every forty-five persons had "dignities" or titles of some kind; and by that time many descendants of armorial families of the 15th century had relinquished all pretensions to land or dignities.

In Scotland, basic arms are few, but every basic coat of arms has been "differenced" in several to several hundred different ways. This makes it more useful as a means of identification of families.

Arms were registered from the 13th century but during the Civil War (1640-60) many of the old registers were destroyed. Soon after the Restoration a law was passed establishing the *Public Register of All Arms*. This has been continued from 1672 to the present. All arms registered prior to 1903 are to be found in Sir John Balfour Paul's *Ordinary of Arms*. However, there are many families who can prove they had a right to arms which were used before 1672 but which have not been registered since then, and therefore do not now appear in the *Public Register*. These are to be found in early local histories, on deeds, among family archives, on memorials for the dead, etc.

Because of this system under which the unchanged arms are used only by the head of the house, it is absolutely necessary, before using a Scotch coat of arms, to trace descent from an ancestor who bore arms, and then to use the particular variation used by such ancestor.

Among the books to be consulted are:

Paul, Sir James Balfour: An ordinary of arms contained in the Public Register of All Arms and Bearings in Scotland.

Stevenson, J. H.: Heraldry in Scotland. 1914.

Paul, Sir James Balfour: Heraldry in relation to Scottish History.

Lindsay, Sir David: Facsimile of an ancient Heraldic mss. emblazoned by Sir David Lindsay of The Mount, Lyon King of Arms 1542. 1878.

Stodart, R. R.: Scottish arms, being a collection of armorial bearings A. D. 1370-1768, reproduced in facsimile from contemporary mss. 1881.

Innes, Thomas: Scots Heraldry. 1934.

Nisbet, Alexander: System of Heraldry. 1816.

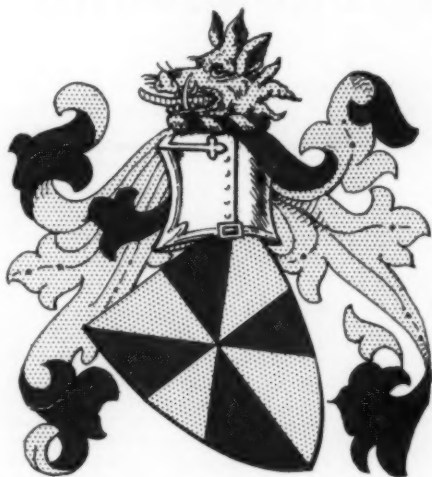
M'Kechie, H.: The Pursuit of Pedigree.

Paul, Sir James Balfour: The Scots Peerage.

Douglas, R.: Baronage of Scotland.

Seton, G.: Law and practice of heraldry in Scotland.

Campbell



Arms: Gyronny of eight, or and sable.

Crest: A boar's head couped or, armed argent, langued gules.

Hogg



Arms: Argent, three boars' heads erased azure.

Crest: An oak tree proper.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures



THE arms shown are the original Campbell arms. There are over one hundred and fifty variations known to have been used; probably there were many more. In a number of cases the arms as shown are quartered with some other to denote inheritance, alliance, or loyalty and thus the "difference" is made; in others, the colors are changed, such as to gules and ermine, or sable and ermine; but usually the difference is by the addition of a bordure, which is plain, engrailed, wavy, indented, etc., charged with various things.

Different branches of the family bore different crests, over one hundred being known to have been used. Many of them are some variation of the boar's head. The crest here shown is that of Campbell of Argyll; it was used as early as 1470.

No doubt many of the numerous Campbell families in America trace back to some of those bearing some of these scores of Campbell arms; but to claim the arms, the line must be traced and the variation borne by the ancestor must be ascertained.

THE arms used by the Hog, Hoge, or Hogg (spelling used interchangeably) family probably dates from the fourteenth century, as that was the period in which canting arms (the charges derived from a play on the name) were in vogue. The Hoge arms are often cited as a splendid example of authentic canting arms, using the boar to designate the name.

The arms shown are the undifferentiated arms; there were many variations, some rather unusual. For instance, those used by Hog of Bogend had the boar's tusks in gold; that of Camm added to the arms of Bogend a crescent; that of Bliridryn had drops of red blood coming from the head; still another had a Jerusalem cross between the heads; while in another early one the colors were reversed.

The majority of these families either used no crest or used the one shown.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



"To make no mistakes is not in the power of man; but from their errors and mistakes the wise and good learn wisdom for the future."—PLUTARCH

X. MISTAKES (little and big)

(Continued)

WITHOUT any further paraphrasing and without further elaboration on the subject of Errors or Mistakes—we will continue as promised in the Article in the August Magazine, to discuss Mistakes (little and big) and try, to the best of our ability to find a way to understand the importance of correcting these (little or big) mistakes, which are not of "just the most unusual occurrence"—but which are to be found in the "daily diet" of the average Chapter.

I will continue to number the paragraphs where we left off in the Article last month.

6. Remember that when you "Revise" your By-laws that you "Amend" them. Never use any other term for changing your By-laws and of course "a Revision" is "an Amendment." Also remember that.

7. By-laws should be simply and carefully worded, and when the meaning of a By-law is clear, the Chapter, by an unanimous vote, cannot change that meaning!

8. The correct way to change a By-law, the wording of which is ambiguous and confusing, is to correctly amend it as quickly as possible. When it is discovered that certain provisions in your Chapter By-laws definitely conflict with your National By-laws, then and there, these conflicting points should, by proper action of your Chapter, be declared "Null and Void." (Read carefully, P. 201 of R.R.O.R.) While a Chapter is "laboring under a misapprehension" and is not aware that its own By-laws conflict with the National Rulings, there is some degree of excuse, but when a Chapter has been told that certain Provisions in its By-laws are in direct conflict with the National Rulings, then *immediate* action should be taken to correct the above said "Misapprehension." It is a case of "Bless you, my child—go thou and sin no more."

9. Do not make the mistake of putting into your By-laws rules which relate to the transaction

of business, etc., which *should be placed in your standing Rules*. The time for the regular hour of meeting, for example, which should be changed quickly if it is the will of the Chapter. These standing rules may be adopted at any meeting by a majority vote (they must not conflict with the By-laws nor with the Adopted Rules of Order) and a standing Rule may be suspended at any time by a majority vote.

10. The *By-laws* of a Chapter should comprise all of its rules that are of such importance that they *should not* be changed except after suitable notice to the members, and then by a larger vote than a "Majority vote." Robert tells us that

"these By-laws cannot be suspended, like Rules of Order and Standing Rules, and THEREFORE NOTHING SHOULD BE PUT IN THEM THAT IS ALLOWED TO BE SUSPENDED."

11. Violations of By-laws are not legal—certainly not right, and if it is not desired to conform to the accepted By-laws *then they should be amended*. Do not write to your Parliamentarian and ask her "how to get around" a certain By-law. An effort to "get around" a By-law sooner or later will prove disastrous. It is a great mistake.

12. If you want to elect a certain member to office, who is not eligible to office under your present By-laws, do not try to "finesse," and bring about your desires in the matter in an unfair way—it cannot be called anything else), but proceed to amend your By-laws in the correct way! For instance, you want to elect as Vice Regent, a member *who has served* the stipulated number of (six) years on the Executive Board. You inquire if you "can't get around that By-law" in some way, "perhaps by electing someone else to the office who will resign shortly, and the Board with the power to fill vacancies, will then fill the vacancy with this officer whom they wanted

back on the Board." This action would not be legal and it would be a misinterpretation of the By-law which is stated clearly, so clearly "that he who runs may read," and it will be generally conceded that the By-laws have been openly violated.

13. It is a mistake not to have a provision in your By-laws as to whether a member in your Chapter shall be elected to more than one office. If the By-laws do not provide for a limit, a member may hold all offices to which she is elected. On the other hand, if the By-laws definitely provide for a certain limitation, then the member who is elected to more than one office may choose, if present, which office she will accept, if not present, the Society decides, by a majority vote which office she shall fill.

14. Another mistake which Chapters make is that they do not seem to realize the importance of "sticking to the letter of the law." "Ample notice" of any amendment to the By-laws should be given the membership of a Chapter, and IF the Chapter By-laws stipulate that a written notice be sent—ten, twenty or thirty days prior to a certain date, it should be done! Every Chapter "should require a previous notice and a two-thirds vote." (See R.R.O.R., Page 269.)

15. Do not forget that when a Chapter appoints a Committee on Revision of By-laws, that "this in itself is sufficient notice, that the Committee may submit an entirely new set of By-laws, and therefore members should be fully prepared for any kind of a change." Don't make the mistake of adopting the new set of By-laws BEFORE they are suitably amended and generally perfected according to the wishes of the members. It only takes a majority vote to amend each By-law or paragraph before adopting the proposed new set as a substitute for the existing (old) By-laws. This takes a two-thirds vote and the substitute (new) set of By-laws immediately becomes the By-laws of the Chapter. And—

16. Don't make the mistake of not adding a "Proviso" if you don't want the amended By-laws to go into effect at once. Specify a certain time when they *shall* go into effect, before or at the time you adopt them.

17. However, there should be a reason for all things we do. When your Chapter realizes that its By-laws are "out of date" and need revising, then take the proper steps to revise them and make them adequate to the needs of your Chapter *at the present time*. But it is a mistake, in my opinion, for a Chapter to revise its By-laws in January, with the proviso that these By-laws "not go into effect until the following June." In the meantime the Annual meeting takes place in May, and all the plans for the election of new officers, incorporated in the set of newly revised By-laws are of no avail and must be ignored. So—I say—do not revise your By-laws until you are ready to use them, and you won't find your-

selves and your Chapter in a state of confusion! (My own private opinion here is that in this "speedy day and age," six months is a long time to wait for anything "to take effect.") I might add here that it may be decided to amend a *certain By-law*, and for many reasons it would be wise to incorporate in this amendment certain restrictions, and specify a definite time *in the future* (maybe six months or a year), for it to go into effect, and I am not referring to any special amendment in the above paragraph, but I am speaking of a revised set of By-laws, *as a whole!* (This was done last April when the National Society voted not to accept any more "Life Memberships" after July 1, 1938.)

18. Right here another admonition I might make is, to remember that when you Revise your By-laws and omit certain officers who were previously elected, that unless you make provisions to the contrary, these officers are immediately legislated out of office under the newly adopted By-laws, and it is too late to do anything about it when the By-laws are adopted.

19. Don't make the mistake of placing the Revision of your By-laws in the hands of one or two. The Committee to prepare a set of By-laws, or appointed to Revise them—should be large and made up of members who are interested and who will thoroughly discuss the "pros and cons" of certain wise provisions. One or two members may be appointed by the Committee to draft the new set of By-laws and report back to the Committee, and after free and full discussion changes are made in these By-laws until the Committee is satisfied, and is ready to report to the Chapter at the appointed time! (Read carefully pages 270-271, also 287 and 288 of R.R.O.R.)

20. In answering a recent question—I want to make it clear that when an amendment to a By-law is *defeated* it may be reconsidered by a majority vote—and must be moved by one who voted with the prevailing (or negative) side, and "on the day the vote to be reconsidered was taken, or on the next succeeding day." Note this—an *affirmative vote on Amending the By-laws cannot be reconsidered.* (R.R.O.R., pages 6 and 9.)

21. Do not try to *rescind* the action taken when adopting amendments to your By-laws. There is no way to "rescind the Amendment" adopted, except by taking proper steps to *amend* the By-laws according to the provision stipulated in the said By-laws.

The long hot summer is drawing to a close and I hope the coming season will open up with finer opportunities for every Chapter, and may all of your revised By-laws bring you peace and harmony and satisfaction.

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss)

BOOK REVIEWS



Woman on Horseback. A Biography of Francisco Solano Lopez and Eliza Alicia Lynch. Frederick A. Stokes & Company, N. Y. \$3.00.

In "Woman on Horseback," William E. Barrett has written 360 pages of vivid and absorbing romance and history. Rarely does an author find a theme so rich with thrilling elements, with such an expansive background of historical facts and events. The book started out to be a biography of the Dictator of Paraguay, Francisco Solano Lopez, who seized the executive office immediately upon the death of his father, Carlos Lopez. The story of Paraguay's way—1864-1870 under this man's leadership was a succession of thrilling, terrifying and spectacular adventures, through which he so inspired his people that they chose annihilation rather than surrender. It cost the three attacking nations, Argentine, Brazil and Uruguay, the loss of a million lives and brought the population of Paraguay from 1,337,498 down to a little over two hundred thousand, of whom but 28,746 were males. Women, boys of 9 and 12 years of age and old men over seventy filled up the gaps in his ranks, at the end.

The war only ended when Lopez was killed in a swamp by Brazilian lancers. Hair-raising in many of its details, this war story is also inspiring in the loyal, almost fanatical devotion of the Paraguayans to their Marshal-President, whose devotion to his country was an obsession.

The wealth of material in this book is evidenced by the fact that the life story of Eliza Alicia Lynch transcends the war in its thrilling and fascinating drama. An Irish lass of good family, niece of one of Admiral Nelson's Vice Admirals at Trafalgar, she met Lopez in Paris where she at

19 found herself without country or husband though married to a French army officer. They visited England; she also accompanied her husband to Algiers, and when his Colonel became infatuated with her, he faded from the picture and secured a French divorce after a gallant Russian had defended her from her elderly admirer by a duel. Neither the English courts nor the Church would restore her English rights and she remained married by their decree, while her husband secured an annulment and remarried.

Lopez fell in love with her. She was young, beautiful, charming, spoke several languages and was a social favorite. He was crude, and under her clever tutelage, became a gentleman of the empire instead of a barbarian. Soon his need of her with her brilliant mind always as Mr. Barrett expresses it, "a thought too swift for him," became a habit and she accompanied him to Paraguay, and despite the irregularity of their relationship, which drew its full quota of criticism, she became a power. His only confidante, she shared his authority in matters within her province, and later when the nation was invaded she put on a cavalry colonel's uniform and rode in command of troops in the field. Shoulder to shoulder with this man she loved, she fought through one of the bloodiest wars of history, taking always a soldier's chance. No service was too perilous for her and she never faltered even when she found him dead of wounds and with her own hands buried him and their eldest son in the mud of the Aquidaban River.

The book ends with a moving recital of her own superb courage and self-sacrifice in finishing her life alone in Paris where her story could not hurt the careers of her two living sons.

William E. Barrett's well-balanced book

has a pleasing and easy style, and his five years of study of his subject is revealed not only in the way he has handled his subject but in the twenty-odd pages of appendix in which he has thoroughly documented his data.

A newspaper and magazine writer for ten years, with six hundred stories to his credit, he is no novice in the literary field and this first book is but the beginning of a group of books from his pen.

Just now Mr. Barrett and his wife to whom his book is dedicated are thrilled over a recent gift of appreciation. It is a gorgeously wrought crucifix and rosary which belonged to Eliza Lynch, which was sent to him by Mrs. Maud Lopez Rancia, daughter-in-law of Eliza Lynch, who is a resident of California. A note with the gift bears the following message:

"This little crucifix belonged to my mother-in-law, Madame Eliza Lynch.

"I beg Mr. Barrett to accept it as a token of appreciation of his sympathetic appreciation of the life of that unfortunate lady.

Maud Lopez Rancia."

EDNA M. COLMAN.

Room to Swing a Cat. Frederick J. Bell. Longmans, Green and Co. New York. \$3.

Sea tales to rank with those told in England, where every man is a sailor at heart, are contained in "Room to Swing a Cat," by Lieut. Frederick J. Bell, of Falls Church, Va.

The first book of its kind to be published in America, the volume is filled with sea lore, blue water songs, superstitions and customs of American sailors, and deeds of valor performed by our first Navy.

Common life at sea from the Revolution through the War of 1812, the naval scene as it was in the days of frigates, are recreated by Lieutenant Bell in snappy, sea-going language.

Encounters with the Barbary pirates and the jolly, swinging fights engaged in before "downfall of the barbarous Moor" are especially thrilling. Life at sea in those days, when our forbears were fighting for "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," was not

for sissies—but for those who gloried in battles of ships, bullets, and wits.

Capt. John Paul Jones, the first great American sailor, Commander Edward Preble, Capt. Isaac Hull, and Capt. Stephen Decatur are the sea leaders whose feats are the most clearly pointed up. Lieutenant Bell's book deals not so much with individuals as with ship life and sailor deeds in general. Ships come in for as much attention as men—maybe more. There are stories and pictures of the U.S.S. *Ranger*, the *Alliance* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Philadelphia*, the U. S. Frigate *Constitution*. There are sketches showing how the old frigates were constructed. Sea language is explained and a great amount of detail included, all without taking from the volume any of its fresh and salty viewpoint.

Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson has written the foreword, and calls attention to the early exploits of our seamen as exerting a "significant influence upon the development of the Nation." The year 1938, he points out, is an ideal one in which to have presented our first real volume of sea stories—since it marks the 140th anniversary of "our first Navy." It was in 1798 that the *Constitution*, *Constellation*, and the *United States* put to sea. In April of that year the Navy Department was organized, and in June the Marine Corps was recreated.

The title of the book, which is a folk saying used by many persons who have forgotten or never knew its origin, comes from the "cat" used to punish sailors. The "cat" was a nine-tailed lead-tipped instrument freely employed on the bare backs of sailors.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

Profile of Genius, Poor Richard Pamphlets, edited by Nathan G. Goodman for the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. \$2.25 per set of nine.

The genius whose profile is drawn in these nine pamphlets is, of course, the sage and many-sided Benjamin Franklin—one of the American history characters that we could study daily and still not know all about him.

Franklin's views on such topics as war, peace, frugality, industry, honesty, chastity, and sloth are included—gleaned from

the Franklin letters, the Franklin autobiography, and the writings with which Franklin entertained and instructed Americans in his *almanack* for the 25 years from 1733 to 1758. Franklin had ideas on all subjects and influenced the thinking of American masses probably more than any man of his times. By careful editing, the cream of his thought is included in these nine booklets.

Each booklet has an introduction by an eminent present-day American, including: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Thomas S. Gates, Carter Glass, George Wharton Pepper, Charles Franklin Kettering, William A. White, Roland S. Morris, Douglas S. Freeman, and John R. Mott.

If Franklin attached more importance to one part of the advice he gave more than to another, it doubtless was that part which said and kept on saying: "Waste neither time nor money." The thorough scolding he gave his daughter when she asked him for some Parisian feathers for a hat probably illustrates his philosophy concerning frugality more than any other incident included in the pamphlets.

Franklin's ideas concerning war are expressed in his statement that "There never was a good war, or a bad peace." All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous in his opinion—and he enumerated several instances in which nations could have bought outright the land for which they went to war, and thereby concluded a much more clever bargain.

The balanced budget, of course, was part of the Franklin scheme of government. He used Spain as an example of a foolish country which all the wealth of the Indies could not make rich—because she continued to spend more than treasure ships could import.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

Taming Our Forests and What Forests Give, bulletins of the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 15 cents.

Some of the best literature on life and problems in present-day America is being written by various Government agencies and is available at nominal sums.

Not dry government reports, but entertainingly written and well illustrated in a modern up-to-date manner are such booklets as "Taming Our Forests" and "What Forests Give," both written by Martha Bensley Bruere, Department of Agriculture, and both dedicated to the idea that a forest is more than "land covered with trees."

Nearly one-third of the United States is forest land, one learns from Miss Bruere, who tells of the many ways in which trees are used in today's products and who makes the reader feel a sense of personal guilt at the devastation our trees have had to withstand and a responsibility for their safety in the future.

From the laboratory come daily new uses for forest products. With scientific tending and an awakened outlook these products need never give out. Miss Bruere tells of the establishment of "forest cities" in which groups of Americans can find security by becoming real foresters who will see the forest crop is a continuous one.

"But like all the other gifts of the forests this security will not come of itself," she points out. "It must be worked for."

"Since only as many trees will be cut each year as will leave an adequate harvest for the next year, and as only as many people will live in the forest cities as can find work there, these towns, founded on the certainty of a perpetual harvest, need never die, nor the people beg their bread."

After discussing the surprisingly large number of blessings already being received from the forests, Miss Bruere concludes:

"What more the forests can be made to give us in the future depends on ourselves. More in the way of food, undoubtedly—more nuts; more cattle food—more protection for land and water, a use for lignin that will satisfy some new need, more pleasure, and increasing security."

CHRISTINE SADLER.

Other Books Received

PAN AMERICANISM, Its Justification and Its Future. A Series of Discussions Held under the Auspices of the Inter-American Center of the George Washington University, December 6, 7, 8, 1936. The George Washington University Press, Washington, D. C.



"ROSALIE," ONE OF THE OLD MANSIONS IN NATCHEZ

★ NEWS ITEMS ★

Rosalie Now Belongs to the Mississippi Daughters

The **Mississippi State Society, N. S. D. A. R.**, has recently purchased "Rosalie," one of the historic mansions in Natchez. The purchase was consummated through the untiring efforts of Mrs. W. K. Herrin, Jr., as State Regent.

As one of the homes in Natchez, Rosalie has excited more interest and been written about more, perhaps, than any other mansion in the Natchez country. The Rosalie tract, according to chancery records, once contained twenty-two acres and was owned by the United States Government, when Fort Rosalie became American property in 1798. Very near the site of the old home stood the first hospital in this part of the world.

Rosalie is of home-burned brick, and on

the almost square Georgian style, with a large portico upheld by massive Tuscan columns. Wide concrete steps rise in a graceful sweep to the front entrance, and curving hand-wrought iron rails add an unusual touch to the steps. Both the upper and lower doorways are monumental affairs, with side lights and exquisite fan lights set in decorative frame work. The floor plan is simple and dignified, with a hallway running through the main building. On the right a deep recess contains a very lovely stairway, which rises in a series of loops to the second and third floors. This stairway has mahogany hand rails and on the outer edge of each step is a hand-carved frieze.

From its beginning, Rosalie has been

associated with the economic and social growth of Mississippi and represents the atmosphere of a gracious early period that is slowly vanishing from the American scene. The history of Rosalie mirrors the history of Mississippi.

The home will be completely restored under the guidance of the State Society and will serve as a fitting memorial to the D. A. R.

Anniversary Celebration

Mrs. Caroline P. Randall, a member of the **Colonel Samuel Ashley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Springfield, Vermont, and a Real Daughter, celebrated her birthday anniversary on September 19th.

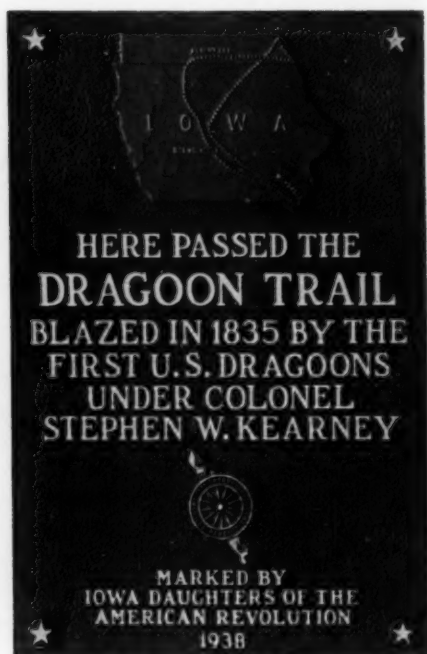
Dedication of Markers

The Dragoon expedition, a dramatic and significant episode in the history of Iowa, is being memorialized by the placing of markers at various points on the Dragoon Trail by the **Iowa State Society, N. S. D. A. R.**, as a part of their territorial centennial work.

Following the Black Hawk Purchase in 1832, when the white settlers began to occupy the Iowa territory, the War Department organized the first United States Dragoons, and three companies were stationed at Fort Des Moines for the protection of the frontier. For the discipline of troops and the moral effect on the Indians, the Dragoons were sent on a goodwill expedition, and the trail they blazed has ever since been known as "The Dragoon Trail."

The one hundred and third anniversary of the start of the expedition was chosen by the **Newcastle Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Webster City, for the dedication of the marker placed on the Kendall-Young Library grounds.

The **Job Winslow Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Traverse City, Michigan, recently unveiled a boulder dedicated to Helen Goodale Hitchcock, the first school teacher in the town. The boulder was formally presented to the Board of Education by the State Regent, Mrs. William C. Geagley.



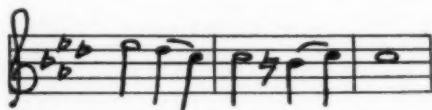
ONE OF THE DRAGOON TRAIL MARKERS RECENTLY PLACED BY THE IOWA STATE SOCIETY

The inscription on the tablet reads: "To Honor and Commemorate Helen Goodale Hitchcock, First School Teacher in Traverse City, 1853. Glacial Quartz Boulder Given by Charles B. Hopper in Memory of His Wife, Frances. This Tablet Placed by Job Winslow Chapter, D. A. R., 1938."

Across the page of accomplishments recorded by the **Sacramento Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Sacramento, California, another notation of "well done" can be written upon completion of the Indian Unit of the Weimar Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Placer County. It was the Sacramento Chapter which paved the way for construction of the building where Indians will be given treatment. Mrs. Richard Codman of Fair Oaks, State Chairman of Indian Citizenship and National Vice Chairman of Indian Affairs, has worked for more than six years with her committee on this project which was culminated in the recent dedicatory exercises.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Advancement of American Music



Through the Year With American Music

LOOKING into November we find a month of great interest musically. The color of the autumn is fading into the gray of early winter when the skies are threatening with winds and snow. The chrysanthemums are then at their best and add a note of cheer to the drabness of the dying year.

For occasional music, November offers two important days. The first of these is

Armistice Day for which much music of tonal beauty has been written.

The second occasion is Thanksgiving, and the Pilgrim Fathers have been made the theme of many interesting compositions for various instrumental and vocal media of expression.

Since we associate Indians with the early settlers of New England, it might be of interest to present some music based on Indian themes. Many composers have devoted a great deal of time and effort to collecting and preserving the songs of the Red Man. As a result a large catalogue of interesting Indian music has resulted.

A selection from music suited to the season and to the two important days in November, together with music written by composers born in the month, might be made as follows:

I. SEASONAL

Solo-voice

Night Winds	Grace Warner Gulesian
(White Smith Music Publishing Co.)	
The Chrysanthemum	Mary Turner Salter
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	

Piano

Snowflakes	Charles Haubiel
(The Composers Press, Inc.)	

II. OCCASIONAL

THANKSGIVING DAY

Organ

Pilgrim Suite	M. Austin Dunn
(White Smith Music Publishing Co.)	

Solo-voice

Four Indian Love Songs	Charles Wakefield Cadman
(White Smith Music Publishing Co.)	

Piano

A. D. 1620	Edward MacDowell
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)	

String Quartet

Indian Sketches	Charles Griffes
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	

Children's Chorus

From Forest and Stream	Charles S. Skilton
(Carl Fischer, Inc.)	

Mixed Chorus

Harrying Chorus	Edgar Stillman Kelley
(Oliver Ditson Co.)	
Pilgrims of 1620—Cantata	E. S. Hosmer
(Oliver Ditson Co.)	

ARMISTIC DAY

Organ

Elegy to an American Soldier.....*Nan Denman Thompson*
(The H. W. Gray Co.)

Violin and Piano

Chanson Triste.....*Tschaikowsky-Hartmann*
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Solo-voice

Tears of God.....*Dent Mowrey*
(Huntzinger & Dilworth, Inc.)

III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN NOVEMBER

Sea Gardens—for Piano.....*James Francis Cooke*
(Theo. Presser Co.) (Nov. 4, 1875)

Stars and Stripes Forever—for Piano.....*John Philip Sousa*
(Oliver Ditson Co.) (Nov. 6, 1854)

The Danza—for Solo-voice.....*George W. Chadwick*
(A. P. Schmidt Co.) (Nov. 13, 1854)

A Spirit Flower—for Solo-voice.....*Louis Campbell-Tipton*
(G. Schirmer, Inc.) (Nov. 21, 1877)

Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs.....*Howard A. Brockway*
(G. Schirmer, Inc.) (Nov. 22, 1870)

A Day in Venice—Arr. for Violin, Violoncello and Piano.....*Ethelbert Nevin*
(G. Schirmer, Inc.) (Nov. 25, 1862)

Day is Gone—for Solo-voice.....*Margaret Ruthven Lang*
(A. P. Schmidt Co.) (Nov. 27, 1867)

The Fairy Ring—for Women's Voices.....*Mabel Daniels*
(A. P. Schmidt Co.) (Nov. 28, 1879)

Sonata in G minor—for Violin and Piano.....*Daniel Gregory Mason*
(G. Schirmer, Inc.) (Nov. 30, 1873)

JANET CUTLER MEAD,
National Chairman.



Junior American Citizens

AS weeks pass, and correspondence with every state in the Union comes to the desk of the National Chairman, she notes with pride and enthusiasm what a tremendously widespread interest there is in the Junior American Citizens. New work is being started in new districts, old clubs are functioning as in years past, and everywhere there is interest being shown, and the desire to see the nation completely organized, when every state shall have hundreds of boys and girls loyal to these clubs.

An interesting experience came to the past national chairman one day in Jackson, Michigan, when she was a guest of the

Sarah Treat Prudden Chapter. The Regent was talking about Junior American Citizens and stated that for twenty-three years the chapter has sponsored clubs. One of the members came forward and stated with pleasure and satisfaction that her laundress, when a girl, had been a Junior American Citizen, and she is married now and has a daughter, and her little girl belongs to one of the clubs today. Thus has come down to the second generation the influence of these clubs.

How do we know what they will mean to the next generation! "How far the little candle throws its beam"—so the work we do this year and the years to come may bring light and understanding, loyalty and a steadfast patriotism which will create higher standards and better citizens of the boys and girls of today.

Let us work constantly to increase our membership until every boy and girl in the U. S. A. knows about us and becomes one of us!

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman.

Junior

A Message from Dorothy Evans, Chairman of the 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly

ON August 18, Mrs. William H. Pouch, former National Director of Junior Membership and this year an Assistant to Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, National Chairman of Junior Membership, came through Chicago on C. A. R. business as National President of that organization. Those of the Juniors who could, were happy to have lunch with Mrs. Pouch, and a very pleasant day was spent with our friend.

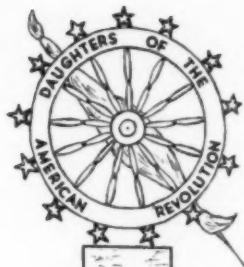
Plans are beginning to take form more and more for the Junior D. A. R. Assembly in April, 1939. There are two points that cannot be stressed too much. One is that the Junior Assembly needs every Junior. If every one of us, not only chairmen but members in groups, will back the Junior Assembly, it will come out with flying colors. As we cannot know all who would like to help on committees, feel free to write and tell us. It will be welcome. Effort on your part, no matter in what constructive channel, is needed.

The other point is that all Juniors are welcome at the Junior Assembly in April. Last year, some felt that unless they were sent or invited especially, they could not enter or attend the Assembly. Once again, we need you. Come and help us.

DOROTHY EVANS,
1044 Lake Street,
Oak Park, Illinois.

The Helen Pouch Junior Groups Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools

Now that the Fall season has started and most all Junior Groups are meeting again, I am sure that all the Juniors that have not heard about the Junior Groups Scholarship



JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Membership

Fund, in fact all the D. A. R., will want to know what it is all about.

April 19, 1938, at the Junior D. A. R. Assembly, it was voted by the Assembly that the Junior Groups have a project sponsored by the Junior Assembly. This project to be scholarships for Approved Schools, to be known as "The Helen Pouch Junior Groups Scholarship for Approved Schools" in memory of Mrs. Pouch's daughter. Twenty-four Groups pledged their support and since that

time four more Groups have sent in gifts.

At the present time, we have on hand \$122.00, all the pledges not having been sent in yet. We hope to be able to give three \$50.00 scholarships this fall, but time must be given, and the project is new. Some think that the scholarships should be given to the smaller children of Kate Duncan Smith School, others to Tamassee and some to Crossnore.

The Committee for the Scholarship Fund will include the State Chairman of the Junior Membership Committee from every State, so that the Junior Groups from every State will have a representative on the board. If the Juniors have ideas, either write to your State Chairman of Junior Membership or the Chairman of the Fund. Have the Treasurer of your Junior Group send your contribution to the Chairman of the Scholarship Fund through your Chapter Treasurer, so that your D. A. R. Chapter will get the credit for monies sent approved schools.

A complete financial statement will be submitted at the Junior Assembly in April 1939, by the Chairman. Each Junior Chairman will be kept well informed as to the activities of the Committee. You will also know who is the receiver of the Scholarship

and at what school. If there are questions, won't you please write to me? You all must have some ideas along these lines. I will be looking for your letters.

FLORENCE C. HARRIS,
Chairman.

Please send all gifts for "The Helen Pouch Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools to Mrs. F. L. Harris, Chairman, 3601 Kinzie Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin.

Portland, Indiana, Juniors

The Wheel and Distaff Junior Society of the Mississinewa Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at Portland, Indiana, is one of the most active societies in the State. They have met through the entire summer months.

In June they entertained the Senior Chapter at a Garden Party and Musicales in the garden of Miss Betty Starbuck.

In August, they enjoyed a steak fry and picnic at the country home of Miss Helen Griffith. In September, they were entertained at the home of Miss Margaret Finch, who was voted to serve as Page at the State Convention at Lake Wawasee, Indiana, at which Mrs. Henry M. Robert, our President General, will be the honor guest.

In October, the Chapter will entertain the Wheel and Distaff of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

They have a year's program planned, which has brought much enthusiasm to the chapter members.

FERN PHIPPS SPRUNGER,
Regent and Sponsor.

Springfield, Illinois, Juniors

The Wheel and Distaff group was organized from the Springfield, Illinois, Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in 1934.

The theme or principal interest is Approved Schools, and each year, some money making activity is sponsored with the proceeds being used to help one of the Schools. Cash remunerations are made and boxes containing clothing, linens, books, toys, and many other articles are sent each year.

This group is assuming more and more responsibilities, are lightening the burden of the regular chapter. For the past two years, they have been in charge of awarding the D. A. R. history medals in the Springfield schools.

The meetings are held on the first Monday of the month with a variety of programs, such as dessert bridges, teas, book reviews, all day sewings, and an occasional party for the husbands. The membership of this group has been growing steadily and now has eighteen interested and active members.

MRS. C. E. CHENOWETH,
Chairman.

Oak Park, Illinois, Juniors

The George Rogers Clark Chapter Juniors at Oak Park, Illinois, are planning a full year. They have combined with the Wheel and Distaff, the evening group, for this coming year, taking over completely three of the six meetings planned. Dr. J. W. G. Ward, well known for his books as well as in his profession, will be on the first program. The other two programs are to be supplied by talent from the group, music, a play, and a book review by a librarian in Oak Park.

Miss Katherine LeBaron is the Chairman for this coming year. This will be the second year for this group, and they are planning to help the chapter with the mountain school project, and are planning a benefit card party toward that end.

The girls page whenever they can, and have been fortunate in having the chapter and its Regents back them in all their efforts. One of the group is head of the C. A. R. Society, Miss Elta Forkel, and the group has joy in that although it is self-sustaining, having its own meetings, it is ready to and is helping the chapter in any way it can.

Junior Post Cards and Posters

The Junior Post Cards and Posters may still be obtained from Mrs. Charles Layng, 1417 E. 22nd Street, Brooklyn, New York. The proceeds from these sales will be applied to the "Helen Pouch Memorial Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools" started by the Junior D. A. R. Assembly in April, 1933.

Junior Page

Material about Junior D. A. R. for the Junior Page in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE should be sent to Miss Helen M. Scott, 600 North Franklin Street, Wilmington, Delaware.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE

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Colonial Williamsburg

THE quaint old city of Williamsburg in Virginia gives one a glimpse of long ago in this busy world of ours.

The first sight I saw was a stage coach driving through the streets carrying a group of young ladies to work. From what I could see, they had on hooped skirts and funny little hats. These young ladies were hostesses at the Governor's Palace.

All the stores have been made over Colonial style.

The long green leading to the Governor's Palace is lined on either side by trees. In front of the gate is a round plot of grass circled about with hitching posts, called the "Turnaround." The Palace is old English style. Over the gate is the Royal Crown of England. The rooms inside the Palace are painted different colors. For instance, mulberry, green, light blue, ivory and other colors. The broad, beautiful stairs going up from the large center hall have wooden pegs made in the shape of diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades, instead of nails.

The ballroom is painted ivory with many large windows that reach from floor to ceiling. So many people were surprised at the Venetian blinds as they thought of them as modern, but they are really old English. Harpsichord, flute, and harp are the musical instruments in the ballroom.

There is an archway leading to the banquet hall. On the table is a fruit holder which looks very much like an enormous chandelier. Where the lights would be are little fruit bowls.

From the banquet hall you go into the ballroom gardens. There you see two rows of six trimmed red cedars called the "Twelve Apostles."

In the center of the garden is the Revolutionary Soldiers' burying ground. During the Revolution, the Palace was used as a hospital for the American soldiers. At the end of this garden are the ice house and mound.

The laundry, salt house, kitchen and scullery are all in front of the gardens, next to the Palace, with the box gardens just back of them. Beside these, there is a terraced vegetable garden, also fruit and vine gardens, fish pond, canal, the falling gardens, the maize, the north gardens, the east or tree gardens, the holly gardens, the "Brick Quarter" and the Governor's Office. One could spend hours in the beautiful Colonial gardens.

The Capitol at Williamsburg was one of the principal buildings of Colonial America. In one room where the council met there is a table with books so old you are not allowed to touch them. One book is opened at the trial of Captain Kidd and other pirates.

Raleigh Tavern is almost as lavish as the Governor's Palace because of the fine furnishings. There is a "powder room" for men to powder their wigs. Imagine men of today having powder rooms!

Then there is William and Mary College, second oldest in America, with its stately buildings and tall old trees.

Also the Wythe House where Gen. Washington made his headquarters before the siege of Yorktown, and many, many more interesting sights to be enjoyed on a visit to Colonial Williamsburg.

ELISABETH SHANNON,

Member of the Sergeant John Dean Society.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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- 6—Nino Martini, Tenor.
- 7—Community Chest Meeting.
- 8—Kirsten Flagstad, Soprano.
- 9—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 11—National Geographic Lecture.
- 13—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 16—Monte Carlo Ballet Russe.
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- 18—National Geographic Lecture.
- 20—Lawrence Tibbett, Baritone.
- 22—Fritz Kreisler, Violinist.
- 23—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 25—National Geographic Lecture.
- 27—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 29—The Philadelphia Orchestra.

DECEMBER

- 2—National Geographic Lecture.
- 3—Christian Science Lecture.
- 4—Beniamino Gigli, Tenor.
- 9—National Geographic Lecture.
- 11—Don Cossack Male Chorus.
- 13—Sergei Rachmaninoff, Pianist.
- 14—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 16—National Geographic Lecture.
- 18—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 28—National Symphony Orchestra.

1939

JANUARY

- 6—National Geographic Lecture.
- 8—Gladys Swarthout, Soprano.
- 11—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 13—National Geographic Lecture.
- 15—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 17—Richard Crooks-Kathryn Meisle (Joint Recital).
- 20—National Geographic Lecture.
- 22—Yehudi Menuhin, Violinist.
- 27—National Geographic Lecture.
- 29—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 31—The Philadelphia Orchestra.

1939

FEBRUARY

- 3—National Geographic Lecture.
- 5—Lily Pons, Coloratura Soprano.
- 9—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 10—National Geographic Lecture.
- 12—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 17—National Geographic Lecture.
- 19—Jascha Heifetz, Violinist.
- 21—John Charles Thomas, Baritone.
- 22—George Washington University Graduation.
- 24—National Geographic Lecture.
- 26—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 28—The Philadelphia Orchestra.

MARCH

- 3—National Geographic Lecture.
- 5—Bidu Sayou, Coloratura Soprano.
- 8—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 10—National Geographic Lecture.
- 12—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 17—National Geographic Lecture.
- 19—Nelson Eddy, Baritone.
- 21—The Philadelphia Orchestra.
- 24—National Geographic Lecture.
- 26—National Symphony Orchestra.
- 31—National Geographic Lecture.

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- 16—National Symphony Orchestra.
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- 20—D. A. R. Congress.
- 21—D. A. R. Congress.
- 22—D. A. R. Congress.
- 23—Christian Science Lecture.
- 27—National Folk Festival.
- 28—National Folk Festival.
- 29—National Folk Festival.

JUNE

- 8—Columbus University Graduation.
- 14—George Washington University Graduation.

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If I Could Talk to You

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

THE last month has been filled with State Conferences and fall meetings. What delightful contacts are established through these friendly little gatherings in the churches! They are not always small for sometimes as many as six or seven hundred members crowd into a church in a small city. Such meetings become more or less a community holiday because the Ladies' Aid of several churches, and often the Eastern Star or other organizations, are called upon to provide the luncheons. Great inspiration comes from some of these informal meetings.

The brochure of outlines for chapter chairmen has been well received. One Regent writes: "It is exactly what I have needed. Our women want to work, but don't know where to take hold. . . . We ordered some extra copies of the proceedings of the Congress. These will be torn apart and the reports given to our respective chairmen." This last idea may serve as a helpful suggestion in other chapters.

Speaking of the brochure, many a little obstacle delays our preparations in Washington. When ready for mailing, it was discovered that the weight of the brochure was just over the borderline which requires individual weighing and zoning. By consultation with the postal authorities it was found that by cutting the edges of the book the weight could be reduced to permit mailing at a uniform rate. Realizing that the saving of time for individual zoning of twenty-seven hundred copies and of the cost of mailing would exceed two hundred dollars, our printer trimmed the edges of every book. For one proud of the appearance of his beautiful pages, the resulting unevenness of margins involved a real sacrifice. The National Society appreciates such cooperation.

Did you ever estimate how long it might take you to count out seventy-five thousand buttons in lots of one hundred each? That is the number of Junior American Citizen buttons ordered at one time. To save several hours of counting during working hours, one of our employees gave a Button Party with a buffet supper for some of her friends and a prize to the guest who counted out the most buttons.

We have reason to be grateful for the interest of many of our employees. Recently I discovered a lovely new fern in my office. Upon inquiry I found that the old one, fast shedding many of its leaves, had been replaced by one of our maids who said, "That other one was hopeless, so I just took it upon myself to go to — and buy three of those they sell for twenty cents apiece." These three are growing splendidly.

A group of Girl Home Makers selected and arranged the furnishings of a room as a part of the new fall exhibit in a leading department store. This idea may well be tried in other states. Great interest in this work and general benefit may result through the girls' plans for furnishings on a definite low-cost budget.

One State Regent writes, "Requesting authorization of three chapters, in three sections of our vast state, where there is no one to undertake the organizing regency. At my own expense I have made the necessary visits. One is four hundred miles distant from my home. I have made four trips, with the fifth in the offing in three weeks. All of which I am telling you that you may realize that whipping three chapters far apart into even the encouraging stage, yet far from organized they are —, was not resting on a feather bed."

Several of our states have new plans for increase in membership. Wisconsin's slogan is "Every member win a member." Indiana is making an effort to bring back resigned members as a special fiftieth anniversary project. Other states are launching a program to interest members-at-large in transferring to active chapter membership.

Many of our members know that a few years ago a descendant of the famous Washington Elm at Cambridge was presented to each state in the Union and to other historic spots largely through the interest and efforts of Mrs. James Hooper Dorsey of Maryland, for many years an active worker for our Conservation Program. Twelve years ago one of these trees was planted near the Founders' Memorial on our own grounds in Washington. Experts in tree surgery have commented upon the remarkable growth of this tree, due, in all probability, to the care and protection given by our superintendent. Recently it was discovered that this "descendant" also was putting out new sucklings in goodly numbers. Mrs. Dorsey has offered again to transplant and care for this new growth until such time as they are large enough to be distributed. In other words, we have an entirely new generation of the descendants of the Washington Elm. It has been suggested that in the future one of these be planted on the grounds of each approved school.

Reasons for constant efforts to increase our work continue to be brought to our attention. After meeting to select those children who might be admitted to one of our approved schools, a member of the committee wrote: "A heartache, when we had only eighteen vacant places and one hundred and seventy-four children begging to be taken in."

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